

werewolves three  
124 forest road  
dalston E8 3BH UK

chimps four.  
po box 2804  
brighton  
BN22AU uk

rockpool one  
124 forest road  
dalston E8 3BH UK.

cars, clothes, hairstyles, and slang.  
nt that gives the true "feel" of the  
Roll music



werewolves

exercises  
in  
fiction

Rockpool



(one)

#3



trade blood for blood and nothing less.

Perciò non  
decimare g  
di quelli ch

chimps#four

The Vandellas Reeves (center)



"do you wanna rock, do you wanna dance (i know that you can do it...) do you wanna rockare you willing to take a chance?" (funky 4 plus one=do you wanna rock...

ok. so as the cover explains this is a three way split zine, involving the chimps, rock pool and werewolves zines, by layla, kay and katie respectively. chimps and werewolves were completed under similar conditions within the month of january 1998. rockpool was done in the summer of 1996 and some of 1995, with a minute print run of like 6 or something...reprinted here for your edutainment. so that is just to explain the context. other things to say...uh....the addresses are on the back cover. this thing will cost you one pound and a SAE or 3 bucks and an IRC. write here for distro rates: layla po box 2804 brighton bn22au uk. i cant think of things to say on this intro type deal. it's late. read the zines kid. if you like, write, if you dont pass on. katie and kay live in the same house. i live with helen in brighton. we all met through a combination of punk and skating. i think at a fabric show? summers spent skating the vert, going to cornwall and surfing or dorking off on the street course at mount hawke. ss lucifer exclusive death metal garage punk band that we all played in; one tape produced and secreted away for further reference...i was looking for a photo booth picture to put in but had no luck so here is the funky four plus one. that's the joint..



Listen

# Recommended:

Also check out the photography of Bruce Weber (there are some rad photos by him in February's Vanity Fair magazine)

'Wade in the Water' Make-Up 7"  
'North Rt.1' (short film by Jason Farrell)  
Thomas Wolfe and Raymond Carver  
Martha & the Vandellas and Sebadoh  
'Challenge for a Civilised Society' Unwound lp  
'Billy Liar!' movie w/ Tom Courtenay & Julie Christie (1963). For everyone who ever thought their life was a movie..  
Ronettes style eyeliner and short fringes  
'The Speeding Train' Van Pelt 7"  
'Say Anything' w/ Ione Skye, Tim Robbins and the ever lovely, ever lovin' John Cusack  
'Off the Road: My years with Cassady, Kerouac & Ginsberg' by Carolyn Cassady (Morrow, 1990)  
Claire Danes & Patricia Arquette movies  
the music of Phil Spector

## RECOMMENDED:

'Free ARTHUR Lee' Make Kevin Spacey or Kevin Smith products  
'LA Confidential' & al Henry Rollins' film career...?  
(inc. 'Alb  
'Psychocandy' lp by Jesus and Mary Chain  
'Cen Air' with the ever lovely, ever lovin'

It is late so I am listening to Texas is the Reason and the Promise Ring, quiet and reflective. Feeling sounds washing over me and happily drowning in memories. Your smile. A hundred different 'you's each with your history in this lifes tangled line. In lockers and deposit boxes, old flames and old friends wait to re-invade my brain in quiet moments such as these. History is alive and well and she never left you, not even for a second of your most fast-livin' day. Was it a cheesy teen movie that taught me I can never escape myself? And this melodrama all just stems from a particular chord structure, an organisation of sound which triggers emotion, whatever has been on my mind. Like the way dreams reveal your true concerns, the ones you have buried (but not quite deep enough, baby). the truth will out if only you can work out what the truth is. The intro to 'Do you know who you are?' is playing now, and is officially the soundtrack to this second of my life. Summary by a stranger. Just this second.. I am remembering good things. The distinctive dance of my last crush, seeing the Make Up play again, hanging out with my parents and loving this song and loving the sound of this typing like a banging train, a train which I am driving. The physicality of typing, the energy equals body as well as S O U L soul in the words. And good past turns to good future because I am a lady with plans. Big plans. You don't know what I'm going to see before I die, so don't tell me. I like the gentleness of this music, like a gentle touch. Not intrusive. Nothing to interrupt my little reverie, nothing telling me I can't do anything. Nothing telling me I can't be happy. end.



I look at the screen and I am the screen... I look at the movie and I am the movie. I am the star... For days I am the star and I'm not me. I'm me being the star. I look at my life when I come down... and I hate my life when I come down. I hate my life not being a movie. I hate my life not being a star. I hate being myself in my life which isn't a movie and never will be. I hate having to eat. Having to work. Having to sleep. Having to go to the bathroom. Having to get from one place to another with no potential. Having to live in this body which isn't a star's body and all the time knowing that stars exist... (Sam Shepard)

love affairs like shangri-las songs

I know I should find someone else. At least be looking. What they don't know is that I am looking, I am always looking. Sometimes I feel the attraction of others like a physical blow. But this body has changed in the last 11 months, this mind has bent and twisted it until I hardly recognise myself. The mirror is less a reflection of the actuality than a game of truth or dare; sometimes the girl who stares back with stony eyes is pretty, sometimes I can hardly hold her gaze for disgust. I remember when I used to feel sexual, to feel loveable, to feel I could say "I want you" without being ridiculous and bare. Now, when I even contemplate these things as I lie waiting for sleep at night, a spotlight is on me and I run and cry but the light won't switch off and the canned laughter rings in my ears endlessly. I can't ask anyone to share these rituals of self examination and self obsession. I don't feel those lovers things anymore. Those magazine things. I look at my bloody red toenails and I wonder why I bother. A semblance of dignity in appearance. I don't feel like a woman. I wouldn't believe anyone who told me I was beautiful and if they held me I would lie dummy stiff in their arms, like I'd never been there before, completely unaware of what to do. Not the unawareness of inexperience but the feeling that I am not made to be held. I am too coldly angular to share a bed or an embrace. I didn't feel this way back then, this coldly ridiculous feeling that I cannot love because I could not expect to be loved, because I am not made for loving. I am conditioned for loneliness and my habits die hard. I torture myself looking at the relationships I could not have because I am alive when I am feeling, whatever I am feeling it is the reality of that moment and it means I am still capable. Of feeling something or anything. The shudders of the bus remind me of my too big hips and my weak arms, and now I don't know what to do. And why would you want to know this?



Chimps four



alienation without grace





# "it's time!".....!!!!!!!

upon the making and input of the chimps number 4. an intro. an introduction to this section of a three way split zine. chimps league of seductiveness. where intentions are confused by a mixture of desire and insecurity, but are mostly genuine; a demand for change and action is misinterpreted as meanness and/or snottiness. the tragedy of boredom, lethargy, and disillusionment, when even writing a letter seems like it will take too much time energy space. it's time to turn boredom into power because it is and can be a tool and is a constructive state of mind to find oneself in. you can't have the love rock without the terror. and maybe being five minutes late for class is less important than working out if history needs to be deconstructed. it follows a similar pattern to the notion that hardcore had more to rebel against in the past and thus was more interesting. boredom is something to react against, and is necessary to provide a contrast. reagan and thatcher definitely made for more interesting punk rock, although i totally acknowledge that bullshit still goes down and the illusion of the caring sharing nineties is definitely not much more than a media creation.

so...this zine was done under strained conditions. to say the least. i have no idea when the next one will come out, or what it will feature. you may notice if you have read past issues of this zine that in contrast there are no interviews in this one. i couldn't think of anyone i was that interested in talking to that was available, there are bands in existence that totally rock, and i was thinking of talking to the sineaters, who totally were one of the most entertaining, interesting and just plain rad punk bands and adding to that were awesome kids, but you know. shit doesn't get done. i have no idea if i will interview rock stars again, maybe next issue will be a bumper band special. or maybe it will be just me talking shit. another thing is i can't really afford to do too much distro, so it's not a personal insult if i can't do your thing. although it could be. ha. at any rate this will cost you one pound or 3 dollars.



Patricia remembers fighting with her mother when she was 15. Rebellion was in. Hippie parents were out. She was, she readily admits, "a bitch. God, those puberty years were brutal," she grimaces. "The brutality! I would sit in my room and listen to old punk rock wearing all black. I'd sit on my floor and scream. I'd lock my door. I thought [adopts spoilt teenager's voice] 'Oh my God, my parents are never going to let me out of their clutches!' I thought I was very mature. I also had a lot of violent feelings at that time, just in general towards people. I had all that teen angst stuff." Sounds evil. "Oh yeah," she groans. "I just yelled at everybody. I kicked things. I can't even tell how long I went through it. It seemed absolutely endless. At 18 she decided to skip the rest of college and follow in her family's well-worn celluloid-

3

'And hadn't Buddy said, as if to revenge himself for my digging out the car and his having to stand by, 'I wonder who you'll marry now, Esther.' 'What?' I'd said, shovelling snow up on to a mound and blinking against the stinging back-shower of loose flakes. 'I wonder who you'll marry now, Esther. Now you've been,' and Buddy's gesture encompassed the hill, the pines and the severe, snow-gabled buildings breaking up the rolling landscape, 'here.' And of course I didn't know who would marry me now that I'd been where I had been. I didn't know at all.' (From "The Bell Jar" by Sylvia Plath)

## CALL THE DOCTOR

they want to socialize you  
they want to purify you  
they want to dignify, analyze, terrorize you

this is love and you can't make it  
in a formula or shake me  
i'm your monster i'm not like you  
all your life is written for you

(look out they want what you know  
steal a kid break a heart steal the show  
peel back the skin see what's there  
i'll never show you what's in here)

your life is good for one thing  
you're messing with what's sacred  
they want to simplify your needs and likes  
to sterilize you

this is love and you can't make it  
in a formula or break it  
i'm no monster i'm just like you  
all my life is right before you

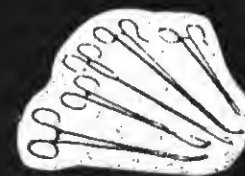
(don't need you to explain the pain  
i can prove to you it's all fake  
she's dead but she can stand she can walk  
call the doctor miracle she can talk)

~~call the doctor~~ call the doctor

this is love and you can't break it  
in a formula or make me  
i'm no monster i'm just like you  
all my life is right before me

(this is not really me at all  
stunt girl daring twirls watch me fall  
carbon copy same body different hearts  
can't tell anymore the real parts)

E  
T B  
D L N  
P T E R  
T Z B D E  
O I L Z T O  
L P O R T O S



(pictures and Sleater-Kinney lyrics from the "Call The Doctor" lp inlay)

82



up in a room and saying "my name is.. and I'm an alcoholic". I felt that exposed and public in a private room with an individual who was meant to care, because his nonplussed and annoyed reaction made me feel that. When he had quiet moods I tried to understand, not necessarily always to talk, sometimes just to sit with him, to try to give him some room. Try to see when to cheer him up and when to give him time to remember. I wasn't perfect, but I tried.

Do you see yet? Do you see that upset men can be noble, they can be strong and silent, they harbour deep and intense secrets and feelings? Perhaps in this state some girls even find them more attractive. Above all they are justified, not always crying and making a big deal about it. Unattractive displays of emotion by either gender won't do. When women are putting their emotional needs or concerns first they are selfish, they aren't looking after anyone, not even themselves and that is the real rub. It is so common and so easy to label a woman "hysterical" simply because it is not acceptable for us to raise our voices (publicly or otherwise) and say that we are confused or that we are HURTING. Sometimes I find Corin Tucker and Carrie Kinney's voices a little too intense, maybe even a little grating, and then I ask myself why should they sing nice and not express the sentiment of their words through their voices? The note of intensity in their voices disturbs me because I am not used to it, I am not used to hearing that rawness and that jarring in a woman's voice, and certainly not a woman performing publicly. In music like opera, the angel-voiced but troubled heroine always seems to do the decent thing and kill herself, silencing herself and burying her pain in history and in the genre of tragedy before others do it for her. Women, in literature, pine to death over their lost lovers, but men just brood for a while and then move on. From the Brontes to beat. The culturally ingrained notion that men are all these deep (yet conveniently forgetful) towers of strength is no more true than the stereotype of women as a legion of neurotics waiting to happen, but they both exist.

I am being one sided and discussing only a woman's perspective of this problem because that is all I have known. Above being a woman's perspective it is a personal one. I am not trying to speak for all girls, or to suggest that mental illness is more accepted by society in men, or that it is easier for them to cope with. I know that society expects as little emotion from men as much as it expects women to go over the top, and who can say which is harder to deal with? As corny as it sounds, a little understanding all round would go a long way. Because no-one is immune to this.

this zine was done in about a week. there was a time limit, imposed by constraints of technicality which you don't really need to know. usually the thing takes like 3 or 4 months. so maybe this one has a different feel. but whatever (by the way when that word is mentioned it is in tribute to bryce. power!) i have so many things i want to say but it seems my means of communication are limited, talking about being inarticulate. things linked with the seduction of adopting a total new ideal...jumping into a million different subcultures, capturing a moment, wanting everyday to be a zeitgeist... things i am thinking about include a new definition of punk rock and scene, a fear of history and its implications, appropriating a new style of dress, creating our own insular elitist scene. i want to transform the mundane, (my life) i want imperfections to be acknowledged and an art form made out of that. i want new bands, new kids, new sounds, new words.



new ways of expressing discontent. i want politics and life and contradictions to work it out so that i am not defined by this one thing i might have remarked upon. because my politics are not cartoon 2d style, and thus can't be dismissed like wise. there are more than two things going on at any time. so today is about deformities, discrepancies, urgency, disruption, punk rock girls, science, chance, adventure, the sea and sugar coated teeth. chimps advocates the above. because inspiration in found within the limitations of boredom and that is the power of boredom. because you can't define my identity by my zine or my politics or even my conversation ~~because~~ nothing is that simplistic and all of the aforementioned are methods of communication and are subject to bias and interpretation and are basically totally subjective. we all choose how to represent ourselves. and sometimes this is protection, example hiding part of yourself, wearing a disguise, pseudonym nationale. because



everyone thinks they know you, because knowledge is power, so they have that power over you. power to dismiss, power to regard with disdain, power to identify themselves as part of your 'cause'. power. power. power. acknowledging the fact of presentation and editing, and partiality. I hope some of the above makes sense so as to put this thing that you hold in your hand into some sort of context. January 1998 is the specific time slot. recognise that things aren't going to be like minor threat at the 9.30 club all the time. and find hope in brief instants of clarity, when insanity and genius meet and greatness results...yeah right fuckers. things that are setting hearts alight like its chinese new year every day...where punk rock offers something and when it doesn't there is always secret fucked up non related things...top ten inspiration points.



### The Dixie Cups

Performing at the Paramount Theater in New York in 1964

- 1=Cindy Sherman Untitled film stills.
- 2=Polish communist art in the 60s; fucking shit up in the cold war.
- 3=Kurt Weill, Bertolt Brecht. the reality of falseness. art as fake.
- 4=The aesthetic of Permanent vacation, the Jim Jarmusch film.
- 5=Black converse and black trousers style.
- 6=Mary Shelley wrote Frankenstein when she was 18.
- 7=Girl haircuts at the barbers.
- 8=Monica Vitti.
- 9=working with Jara.
- 10=Cheap soul tapes and the monster metaphor.

chimps po box 2804  
brighton bn22au uk  
LA/V/A/P GIR BCU

chimps po box 2804  
brighton bn22au uk

chimps po box 2804  
brighton bn22au uk

After we broke up I called my (ex)boyfriend twice. Once because he still had my father's coat at his house, the second time because he had asked me to keep in touch with enough pretended sincerity to make me believe him. His friend came to see me on what he knew was the night before my college exams and told me they all could see that I was "obsessed" and that I always had been, that I was selfish and a string of other "home truths". I calmly kicked him out and I was proud of the way I handled it because I did not get mad or upset, nothing they could throw at me as more evidence of my instability. I guess that shows how much I had been shaken by them, that I still felt I had something to prove. I passed my exam with a 2:1 despite being told what a bitch I was the night before. Not so crazy after all. It was clear that they thought because I was (in their opinion) unbalanced they had a license to behave however they chose towards me, I had ceased to be a real person.

And this is the real point. Troubled or upset women are often turned into caricatures, into cartoon crazies who are permanently wailing and crying and nagging at their poor, fettered spouses. "I'm your monster I'm not like you..". That is what they want to believe. That your neurosis, or whatever inexpert diagnosis they have made of your condition, has made you less than what you have been, that you require less understanding because when you are upset ("justifiably" or not) they can just sit in the next room and point to their heads, make a face to make sure everyone has realised that you are the obsessive chick they have been gossiping about. Their nice lives don't need your kind of disruption. That is what they want you to believe. But if they don't want the disruption why do other people feel the need to become so involved in cases where women are in turmoil (to whatever extent), why do they need to dissect every move and discuss every situation?

Welcome to the freakshow. It is because the tortured woman, unlike the tortured artist, is not romantic. She is too preoccupied to think about her husband or her lover, she is trying to cope with her own life without fucking him too. She is a bad mother and a poor wife or girlfriend because she is too self obsessed, too inattentive to the needs of those around her. She does not play any of the useful but unfulfilling roles which society has designated for her, and is therefore unnatural and compelling to all the smugly "normal" people around her. This is why she causes a problem, and it is why I caused a problem. Because I didn't sit back and behave, I asked for help and understanding at what was for me a very difficult time. I felt my bravery was worth something. When I first admitted to my boyfriend that sometimes I felt out of control it seemed like I was standing



I was in an emotionally fragile state, perhaps actually neurotic to some slight degree, and did not kick him the hell out of my life as fast as I should have done. I even believed him a little, because crying so hard over (what I was told was) "nothing" couldn't be normal. His friends clearly thought I was an unstable and unwelcome presence, and I began to agree with them. My sense of self was so decayed that I would accept their version of my behaviour as a mirror, as the one reality of the situation. They almost convinced me I was going over the edge. The lyrics to that song seemed (in my interpretation) to sum up my situation once I began to see things more clearly, and it indicated something larger to me which is obvious but which I had never directly considered before.

It is the way that depressed women (be it a severe problem or not) disgust and unnervify society, and are considered to be something to be hidden away. The madwoman in the attic. Mental illness, in men, women or children remains an almost Victorian taboo and is an ongoing source of prejudice and misunderstanding. Even the extent to which I felt vulnerable and mentally out of control gave me a hell of a lot more empathy than I had before, although I would not presume to know how people with more long term or severe problems feel. But what struck me listening to the Sleater Kinney song and thinking about my own experiences was actually how *untroubled* I was compared to how disturbed my boyfriend and his friends wanted to label me. It suggested to me that women don't even have to be ill to be diagnosed, they just have to be dissatisfied. They wanted to pass me over to professional help (washing their hands of the situation) when all I needed was some support. I was living in a horrible place and felt like I didn't know what I was doing with my life. I had a short crisis. This is not so unusual or extreme, but as soon as I admitted it they all distanced themselves from me, labelled me as "disturbed" and pitied my boyfriend for his involvement with this volatile and permanently PMS-ing female.

There are popular psycho-babble terms for largely male crises, they can have the "executive/mid-life crisis" or the "seven year itch", and by slapping these labels on their erratic behaviour we feel it is explained and therefore dealt with. This is similar to the way women with post-natal depression have only been taken seriously in recent years and given the help they need. Before it was easier to put them in a ward or send them home, and just wait for a couple of weeks for them to sort themselves out rather than admit this was an actual problem which requires some assistance or support. As damaging as it is for women to be thought of as freaks and held at arms length, it is just as damaging for men to have their problems summed up in a meaningless phrase and to receive no help dealing with the causes of their troubles. Society can be as disturbed by the sight of the male (the expected breadwinner) in a disturbed state as it is by women who are not as happy and healthy as it would be convenient for them to be. To be diagnosed from behind the net curtains is not helpful whatever gender you are.

Paul: We sat in there one evening, just beavering away while my dad was watching TV and smoking his Players cigarettes, and we finished 'She Loves You'. We went into the living room - 'Dad, listen to this. What do you think?' So we played it to my dad and he said, 'That's very nice, son, but there's enough of these Americanisms around. Couldn't you sing, 'She loves you. Yes! Yes! Yes!' We collapsed in a heap and said, 'No, Dad, you don't quite get it!'



## TRAVEL

helen's fortune cookie reads you are domestically inclined and will be happily married. trying to write so that every word works, so each word fits into a sentence that is succinct and structurally correct...a bus ride on which katie avoided a seat next to a hescher kid because of teenage coolness complexities we share, and ended up sitting next to a junkie who tried to steal my sweater...only to be saved by the hescher offering her the aforementioned rejected seat. through steinbeck country, cattle farms and hills rising out of dusty plains. where everything looks the same until you realize that it's all in the detail. bukowski over helen's shoulder. each story a continuation of a metaphor the land plunges from fields of corn into lush greenery and then back to the dusky mountains. california's length traversed by greyhound. or as they say: 'leave the driving to us.' (and we'll leave the passengers to you.)

TRUST THE RATES TRAVEL NEWS





When most  
people think  
of Cleopatra  
they picture  
Elizabeth Taylor

my top ten of rock.  
the metaphysics.  
the vss.  
cap'n jazz still.  
the fisticuffs bluff.  
the red monkey.  
antioch arrow  
old school unwound.  
excuse 17/mocket.  
the pop group/dexy's midnight runners.



top ten of forever/never. i am totally into top tens in that they are somehow symbolic of a moment, much like a snapshot, or photo booth style etc.etc.etc. and i think fanzines are about embracing disposable culture; they are photocopied, and thus they aren't seen as being 'important' like a book is, or a magazine. the elastic band that's holding the pages together rots or the zine just disintegrates over time and thumbing pages. the print run is limited. destination obscurity. i read this thing, i can't remember where, some cheeseey hardcore boy's zine, which had this notion about how the term 'fanzine' implied something that he didn't identify with; (being a 'fan'.) he called his 'project' a 'hardcore journal'. what a poser, dismissing fanzine culture because he doesn't deem it significant or mature enough for his masterwork, which from what i can remember was filled with sterile interviews and boring record reviews. fanzine culture is about: kid power, in that the resources are available to anyone. aplemac: layout versus typewriter nation. newsprint versus xerox. personal zine: versus 'hardcore journal.' anyone can do it, and either the zines slip into fanzine mythology and are read and re read each time finding meaning...or are maybe passed on or thrown out. zines are about having the courage to set down on paper something that might not stand the test: of time. i guess something might ring true for so long but when you think back on it all it can seem so irrelevant and putting something down on paper that could inspire such a reaction takes bravery. not being afraid of being goofy. because i know i am such a dork, and maybe a lot of this is so totally embarrassing and unnecessary. but if you take such things into consideration ultimately what is the point of doing anything ever? because maybe one day you will look back and wonder why in the hell you bought the promise ring record, or played guitar in that cheesy band, or wrote a letter admitting a crush... i often wonder what inspired me to listen to split lip, especially when i saw them play. but i was into them, and whatever. acknowledge that you are not a metzchen super human and that you fuck up. and write a zine that consists of more than question answer sessions with stupid bands, in which the only way you've expressed an opinion is within the record review section. but anyway. fanzine nationale. embracing deformities and apprehension. season ticket on a one way ride.

discovering the madwoman in the attic

Alien no. 11 is an awesome zine and deals in depth with mental health issues, both within the punk community and beyond. Personal and important. Write: Whitney, PO box 12262, Berkeley, CA 94712.



Sitting here listening to Sleater Kinney has reminded me of something i touched upon in a passing and veiled way in Werewolves #2, something i have thought about more than once. The song "Call the Doctor" reminds me of a period early last year, both because that was when i first heard this record and also because it struck a chord in me at that time for a number of reasons. Without dragging the details of my personal past before you i will summarise.

I was unhappy and unsure about my choice to return to university after a year break, and was having a hard time living in student halls and sharing a room. I found it an alienating environment and one completely lacking in privacy; even the phone was in a public area and a roommate allowed for no secrets. There were other problems besides and to put it simply i was not happy at that time. My boyfriend of several months was open about finding found my pensive moods boring and an emotional burden which he clearly did not relish. I wasn't unhappy most of the time, at least not externally, but when things did get too much my problems found an outlet in crying. A physical sweating out of my anxieties. These outbursts sometimes took place late (when i do most of my thinking) and at his house (i would wake my roommate and have to explain my agitation in my accommodation). He grew sick of this and started to tell me repeatedly that i was neurotic and i needed professional help. He told me i shouldn't tell my friends that i had problems because sympathy was no good for me. He told me i should try drinking before i went to bed because it would make me sleep. He told me he had to get up early and i had to learn to shut up and put up because i wasn't really upset over anything specific. Call the doctor - don't bother me.



Sometimes I wish I could be less political, less concerned with doing "the right thing" Maybe I would have more fun that way I want to watch an advert or a tv show without deconstructing it and thinking about the stereotypes and messages, or to listen to a pop song on the radio without worrying about how certain messages are infiltrating the nation's consciousness. I don't want to care whether the Backstreet Boys are messing up a young girl's view of how a relationship should work, because I am not a young girl anymore. I want to listen to a Henry Rollins spoken word tape and just laugh, and not care about whether he was disrespectful to some girl I don't know and never will. I would like to live a day in the body of someone who didn't give a shit.

I am not smarter than other people, just obsessively analytical I don't even think about this stuff consciously, it is just there. Analytical to the point where I can't understand how some kids aren't. How can they not care how gender roles are dictated on crappy sitcoms or how a movie confirms a prejudice? These things shape kids minds. This is meant to represent our lives. It affects us, and if self interest can't shake people out of apathy, nothing can. To take the opposite view, I ask myself why the hell do I care so much?

LAWN don't know. Maybe I am just the worst kind of middle class white liberal, worrying about the little animals but never thinking about the violence in Northern Ireland just a few hours away. I don't claim to live PC 24 hours a day, I might try to but I don't. I am not sure if I can claim "can't" I have learned that certain women look like sluts and that Nike is cool and that money is important just like every other kid who has grown up in this country. I have taken that on board, but I do my best to disregard it. I know what I have been told, the question is how far do I believe it. Do you act on your instincts or the ones that have been enforced upon you? How can we even know why we hold certain beliefs. Whether they are a response to others or are something intrinsic, or just a product of our time, morals are dictated by the era we live in.

LINEN of smooth-surfaced fax files. Available in plain w I try not to be analytical and "difficult" in this way when I'm with people who aren't interested in this stuff, like at work or in class. I have discovered that those kids have as much interest in this as I would in someone always talking to me about the one way system. So it isn't really fair to bore them by sermonising, and those places aren't conducive to discussion anyway. I really try not to (and don't) take issue with people over their attitudes or presumptions if I don't agree, because their opinion is obviously as valid as mine. But little comments slip out unchecked, I don't know when but they must do MARQ Someone I work with turned to me and said "you hate men don't you?" and, despite my repeated protests, would not believe I didn't. I guess complaining that the Red Hot Chili Peppers were too macho for my tastes or that the Spice Girls' idea of "girl power" was merely a marketing strategy watered down to the point of nonexistence had more impact than I thought. To me these sort of comments are just casual observations, they don't mean much to me or require a lot of thought, but to kids who aren't interested in personal politics (or whatever you want to call it) these are radical statements. They apparently indicate that I have a blistering hatred of half the world's population, and that I am set on trouble making, on being difficult. The examples continue. My tutor asked the class last week if anyone had a problem with the book we were studying because it was "too male" in subject or outlook, then naturally turned to the token feminist for comment. But I didn't feel like contributing that day. I'd like to think that I don't disregard all literature/music/art that was created by someone with a penis.

MOHA I wouldn't get into these kind of discussions if I learned to not care. If I could laugh at dirty jokes in the pub and agree that your ex-girlfriend was the worst bitch if I could even use that word. I am aware of how self-righteous this sounds, maybe even that I think I'm more smart than other kids I know. This isn't true, and I hope I don't come across like that. More MORRI I'm feeling superior to kids who don't care about what gender they are or their position in a waste society I feel envious. There are no chips on their shoulders, they don't bore people, they calmly know how to chat without bringing in the bigger picture. They don't have to wonder why having a male boss makes them feel strange, why they can't just accept male authority or enjoy being flirted with without feeling freaked out. I don't like questioning myself and the world that makes me feel this way. It sucks because it entails responsibility. If I didn't care about or didn't notice this shit I wouldn't feel guilty about my bad behaviour or have to monitor my language. I could do whatever the hell I wanted, and sometimes that seems to me like it would give me a greater sense of empowerment than lamely deciding not to wear.

MUSL I'm like it would give me a greater sense of empowerment than lamely deciding not to wear. NET (nike anymore or buy certain products that fund programs I disagree with. I don't think it's going to hit Nike too hard in the wallet if I cease to buy one pair of trainers every two years. But like I said, I can't help being analytical or obsessing over my actions. It is probably an indication of insecurity and self doubt as much as it could be evidence of me being a good person. So I can't give a shit and fuck with people and pretend my actions have no repercussions. But sometimes I would really like to.

NET (nike anymore or buy certain products that fund programs I disagree with. I don't think it's going to hit Nike too hard in the wallet if I cease to buy one pair of trainers every two years. But like I said, I can't help being analytical or obsessing over my actions. It is probably an indication of insecurity and self doubt as much as it could be evidence of me being a good person. So I can't give a shit and fuck with people and pretend my actions have no repercussions. But sometimes I would really like to.



Also that I would like to quote the comparison: "The enemy is waiting in a room with drawn gun. The hero kicks open the door and bursts in—not upright, in the line of fire—but cleverly lying on the floor, from which position he triumphantly blasts away, while the enemy still aims, ineffectually, at his own expectations. Borrowing this stratagem, the bebop soloist often entered at an unexpected altitude, came in on an off guard and note, thereby catching the listener off guard and conquering him before he recovered from his surprise."

I wanted this to be a document of somethings I have been thinking about. and maybe sometimes the spelling and grammar gets confused, and maybe sometimes I make too many points in a sentence or I forget about paragraphs. maybe I don't give everything I write a neat focus, with a title and an intro, middle and conclusion. that's because I don't think like that. my thoughts come three thousand oncoming trains at the same time. so I wish people wouldn't put their bogus standards onto it all, because maybe it takes time and effort to understand, maybe you have to decipher it, but it is written with such fucking heart on fire, and vigour and using the fucking force. I am a dork, I am a flake, I am a poser, but I want to communicate and use this power (zine) to reach other kids. I have only so much time in my life to think about things, and this whole (splitzine) project has been such tough love to negotiate and get into action, and time constraints have become so very real etc. I get very passionate and excited about things, I am not a calm collected mature person, which is reflected in the way I write. so if this confuses you, then either keep on trying or fucking pass it on to the next kid. this is not an exact representation of me; I am not smart or articulate enough to put my whole deal into words. so you don't know me via my zine, although maybe you can get an idea of how I perceive certain things, or how I chose to represent particular aspects of my self or my idea of myself. whatever the fuck. **this is a disclaimer.** I wish I hadn't felt the need to write one.





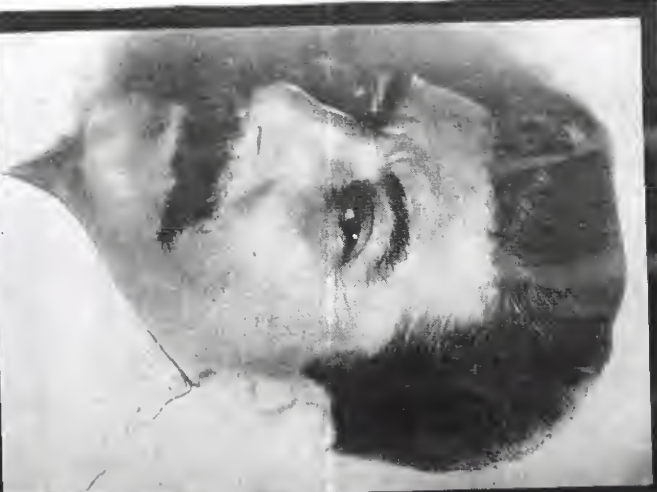
Sometimes I want the future to be written. I want to meet the person I'm going to spend my life with tomorrow and have kids and settle down and forget all this uncertainty and possibility that mounts a wall of pressure behind my eyes. The written future is one of security and subtle disappointment, the prepackaged lover is comfortable but passionless. The baby never cries in my certain life. The boredom of this written future is weighed against the escape from worry and fear of the unknown. The exchange of excitement for stability. When I am happy I am so grateful my future is unascertained, full of possibility and danger, but at my low ebb the family estate car seems like the safest way to travel. In the written future

I would still keep myself alive hiding in my daydreams and impossibly complicated fabricated worlds, that is where I live half the time even now in the shifting present. Trying to find a foothold. Mentally I envision my life as a table, laid for a meal. The cloth is anchored by the various bits and pieces of crockery; that jug is college, the plate is family, and that glass is friends. The cloth would slip but it is held on the plateau of the table by the weight of these things. But the meal has to be eaten, and the water drunk, and the glass washed and put away. And as the panic consumes this spread slowly and insatiably the cloth becomes less stable, it is only tenuously held on the surface. And I keep replenishing the food and filling the jug as fast as I can, I work and work

to feed the panic and keep the cloth in place. Always slipping but being pulled back at the last minute. The panic is an unappeasable eater, always hungry, always ready for more. I work so hard to keep it fed and keep it at bay. I don't know what happens if the cloth slips onto the grubby floor (which I recognise as the one from my own messy kitchen) and I don't ever want to. The panic is voracious, keen to consume all I lay before it, but I am as unsatisfied as it is. I will keep feeding it because only then can I satisfy myself. The written future is the only guest that can clear the table put away the cloth for good, but he brings his friends detachment and tedium to move in with him to stay. At least panic is only a demanding, but hopefully temporary, house guest.

so i just got back from the in/humanity and palatka show, and some good things have come of this, but it's reminded me of some of the bullshit that goes down at shows; the fact that i never fail to come home stinking of smoke, my clothes, my hair, everything absorbs it, my eyes are stinging, and yeah corny sxe kid(altho it's not that simple...) or whatever, but smoking sucks. it is so antisocial and un-punk. what's punk about being addicted to something that doesn't even make you feel good? oh and the other thing is boring scenester conversations about boring sceneesters. but this show was so awesome, bands were fresh, loud enough to seduce, smart enough to talk politics without oversimplification or boredom...and one of the guitarists of palatka, whose name i forgot gave us his awesome zine, scenery, which you should send a dollar for. po box 14223 gainesville fl 32604 usa. i am listening to the all scars which is a good thing. another good thing is this label called dialect out of washington dc. run by matthew fauver. putting out bands such as the crom tech, aylers angels and the cranium. fucked up white boy no wave free jazz post punk bollocks. write for info: dialect, po box 11171 wash. dc 20008 usa. but are you poser enough? maybe matt wrote something for this. maybe not. constraints of high cheekbones and sunglasses stained faces. other exciting punk rock news. hard to think of anything in all realities. e mail me here: l.p.gibbon@brighton.ac.uk write me here: layla po box 2804 brighton bn2 2au uk.

anything in all realities. e mail me here: l.p.gibbon@brighton.ac.uk write me here: layla po box 2804 brighton bn2 2au uk.



Far left: a 1924 print of Stalin, and a 1939 version, left, that is heavily airbrushed to beautify the



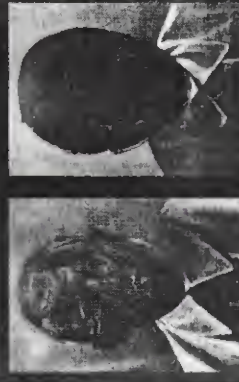
Every teenage girl has read "The Bell Jar", or should have. Anyone who hasn't has missed out on an important formative experience. It is one of the few books where I am struck almost physically hard at times by how similar the emotions the author describes are to those I have felt. It makes me feel like I am in good company when I am confused, and I don't think I am alone in feeling that. She taps right into the insecurities and fears and the state of being a teenage girl with a directness that would reveal the book's autobiographical nature even if you didn't know it already. "My So-Called Life" is probably a really bad comparison, but it reminds me of Plath's writing in the way it is hard *not* to relate to the characters on that show, hard not to get excited with them or feel disappointed by their failures.

Sylvia Plath's writing and poetry has been sadly overshadowed by the way she died and by people's attempts to make her into some kind of martyr, to claim her for causes. This seems to me unnecessary because her work speaks for itself, her own words are a stronger explanation of her life and emotions than anyone else's could be. Plath is a tragic figure because she battled mental illness almost her whole life and died young and at her peak of creativity, but she wrote some amazing poems and prose *because* of that and the experiences her life afforded her, not despite it, so the public's pity for her is misplaced. People have repeatedly hacked Ted Hughes' name from Plath's grave, apparently because they blame him for her death. This is not supporting her memory but confirming her reputation as a wronged woman and a victim. And it shows a lack of fucking respect for her, her family and her children. I don't see Sylvia Plath as a victim, but as an awesome writer who needs no concessions to be made for her, no matter how hard her life was. To me she seems to have been a highly intelligent, emotional woman capable of brilliance who does not need this stereotyping as an icon of female pain. That stereotype only allows people to present her to girls as a warning *against* creative intensity (the Sylvia Plath story is told to girls who write; they want us to think that to be a girl poet means you have to die/who is it that told me all girls who write must suicide?/I've another good one for you, we are turning cursive letters into knives - "bloody ice cream" by bikini kill) when she should be a literary and creative inspiration.

The relevance of all this is that Ted Hughes, who has been accused for years of "murdering" Plath (he had an affair and their marriage broke down prior to her suicide), has just published a book of 88 poems called "Birthday Letters" which chronicles their meeting and relationship. They are frequently intense and painful to read, particularly if you have any knowledge about Plath's published feelings towards him and their life together (which are described in her journals and in some of the stories in the "Johnny Panic and the Bible of Dreams" collection), but if you are interested in reading about her life from someone who was actually present in it (or just in some amazing poetry), "Birthday Letters" is a really important chronicle. It is published by Faber & Faber.

works by Sylvia Plath:

The Bell Jar, Johnny Panic and the Bible of Dreams (prose);  
Letters Home: Correspondence 1950-1963 (biography); The  
Colossus, Ariel, Winter Trees, Crossing The Water (poetry);  
The Bed Book (for children).



it's all about smiling knowingly when you have no idea to what the other person is referring to 'It's parky this time of year' until now I had no idea what that meant. It means it's cold. It doesn't sound like it means that but you know, if you are into old people slang that is a useful thing to know...brighton is crisp this time of year; ~~it's~~ enough that when you first go outside your nose hurts. I haven't been skating for at least 2 or 3 months. that is the longest time in living memory. I went skating with Darren and the kid from palatka in like october? but I was too cold and just rolled around feeling like a dumbass, while I was in California this Christmas (my family is from there...) all the little girls in the street had skateboards and were doing little heelflips on the curb outside the school. that made me fucking itchy I can tell you... whilst in brighton I don't have too much impetus to do it it's shit cold, the kids on the half pipe have no qualms about dropping in whilst I am skating... something territorial linked to the fact I am a girl maybe? anyway there's no vert here, which is what is my thing, those are pretty much all my excuses for letting it all slip away. when you kind of drift away from skateboarding, and you realize that most of the kids you used to skate with are pretty much going through the same thing, it becomes more of an effort to go skate. where before it would be a natural progression of any day, go for a quick skate, meet up with a few kids, whatever. now it feels like this concrete activity, like doing homework or writing letters. that part of time must be set aside to do it. I guess all of this is resulting from this thing I have been fearing for so long, getting older. like now I have left home and work a shitty job and go to school everything seems more weighted and less throwaway. you know how everyone is so defined by their age when you are a kid? now I can't tell how old teenagers are. I feel like I've lost this language... but it's not that I'm not into being twenty or anything. even when I'm totally reminiscing in the cheesiest way, maybe about when huggy bear came back from america the first time with all these fucked up gravity records that are now my total anthems, the first antioch arrow. whatever...thinking back on that time as this exciting series of events that seemed to indicate that anything could happen. is so false. because I was living under the influence of my mother, and the things I wanted to do compared to the things I could do were so very disparate. I am enjoying being able to do whatever whenever that is power...duh duh duh. I can't remember what it felt like to be a certain age, as far as I am concerned every age felt the same, although I know that is so not the case events seem more distilled, like a photograph rather than a moving picture. I can't think of any regrets which is a good thing. I think I did everything that I wanted to, I have always been a stubborn person, in that unless a situation was just so, it was not dealt with. my mother calls that aspect of me fascist

no style



peter rojas wrote this. he lives here (brighton) then he moves back to  
boston then to final destination berkeley. write c/o me.

the inescapable force of the black hole, absorbing all matter, all light, all energy. intervention at the level of the signifier is dead, it is too late for the sad hopes of the pathetic avant-gardists and for all those who believe that all is needed is to make "better" or more radical art. Fuck that.

instead of feeding the semiotic order of culture and its orbitals of capital and commodity-spectacles, or living under the pretense that we are subverting it by fashions or musics or whatever it is that are the artefacts of the supposed resistance, we must intervene in culture at the only level that it cannot fit into its logic; negation and excess.

the black hole of culture mercilessly destroying all that comes close to it, smashing all attempts to make sense of it. its strategy is just endless absorption, never emitting, only detectable by what it makes disappear.



crossing the boundaries: the life/death binary must be demolished, we must come to haunt the spectacle, to become the spectres of commodity exchange, refusing the cycle, ending it by placing the system in our debt, the endless series of consumption-labour that is everyday life insists that we purchase to live, not just materially, but semiotically. we are already dead, but are continually resurrected through consumption; refusing the resurrection, denying commodity-signs the power to construct us and create us.



engaging the secret history, pretending and not being, never being pinned down, speaking in code, cryptography is the new youth culture, the one that might just fuck you all up, the one that will destroy you before you even know about it. the black hole of the semiotic isn't about throwing itself into the circuits of commodity-image exchange, about playing into the structural logic of the sign. it's about going so far underground that you exist everywhere and nowhere, never letting on how much you know, taking your secrets to the grave.

1

catching up

2

## FABRIC DICTIONARY

ALPACA (1) Fabric woven from long fine hair of Alpaca sheep. Term also applies to lightweight fabric made from cotton and alpaca or rayon.

We live above a store now. There is a door around the back, you go down a few steps and then up a couple of flights. The bathroom is directly on the right at the top, then my bedroom is two over, past the kitchen. I'm still living with Jason. And my best girlfriend lives there too. Along the hallway because she wanted the room at the back. Sometimes I think it would be easier if she wasn't around, but then sometimes it would definitely be easier if Jason wasn't there, so both at once seems a fair compromise. I always thought it would be kind of cool to live over a 7-11, cola and cigarettes whenever I wanted, so it was just my luck to find a place above a furniture store. But it's five rooms, and it's quiet at nights at least I guess. No drunks or punks hanging around, unless they're the drunks and punks that we know. But usually nights are quiet. Good for my reading. Jason will be practising in a garage down the street. Same band, same plan. If I'm reading or in the bath I open the window sometimes, and I can hear the music in the air. Sometimes they even sound pretty good. Me, I'm in the same job. It isn't so bad there, I get along okay. Andrea is almost finished at college now, I think she has vague plans to travel later, you know "sometime". Some-time no time one time. And Mr R is a pretty good landlord. He wasn't so sure about Jason moving in, something about girls being less trouble, but it all worked out. Hang on a little and these things usually do. So no cola at midnight. Need to quit smoking anyway, been coughing up all kinds of spit recently. At night the store light stays on, it's one of those big old fashioned neon ones, right down the side of the building. Brady's. They fixed it so it doesn't just say "Bra" anymore. It did for a while there, I'm not kidding, just "Bra" lit right up red for miles around. The glow comes through the kitchen window when it's dark, and sometimes I make out that I'm in New York or somewhere. Like an old movie with Broadway in the background. It looks pretty beaten up and rusty during the day. If Andie leaves I guess me and Jason will be moving. I'd miss it though, we do actually have a lot of fun amongst all the other crap. Drinking and talking and all that stuff. Funny how I assume he'll be with me after February, but things change. He's kind of loveable when you know him, too much I think. I spend a lot of time in the bathroom, it's the best room in the flat. In front of the mirror. The bathroom is all black and white tiled. Original thirties I assume, like one in a black and white Jimmy Stewart movie. I practise my life story in there. Not my life story, I practise the life story of me as a starlet, in front of the mirror and the black and white tiles. It's not too late for me to be discovered, you know. 'Rising from the ashes of the furniture store'. That would be a pretty funny story. If Jason heard me talking to myself he'd think I was a nut but I think Andie would understand it. I'll miss her if she goes. Jason and her get on mostly, but she thinks he's a loser. I can tell. Probably because I know it too sometimes. Loveable losers are the worst, you can't get any rent but you can't kick them out. No, I'm only kidding, he pays his way, it's alright. I must stop smoking. ~~He's a loser, I can tell. Probably because I know it too sometimes. Loveable losers are the worst, you can't get any rent but you can't kick them out. No, I'm only kidding, he pays his way, it's alright. I must stop smoking.~~ I got a shift in a couple of hours. They really get on my back about being late.

9

an fabric  
s. May be  
Used for  
we, light-  
pua, wool  
de Sole.  
like, only  
swee rib,  
flamboyant.  
red fabric  
I be wool,  
mishmash  
bale-woven  
fine cross  
piped lace  
ed wease  
so raised  
surfaces  
will back-  
or silver,  
ven, made  
become a  
handbags.  
ed cotton  
d as such.  
lightweight  
cable knarl  
rayon, col-



*Finding out about heat* we prow at night with our waikmans on.

I have constructed our future in my head. No details, just the big events. Scenarios. You would be about to catch a train. I don't care where, it just has to be somewhere I wasn't going to be. The train would pull out (I would be crying silently and with dignity, not with the usual red crumpled features) and when the crowds subsided I would see you standing there, and as we embrace you would look at me and say "I couldn't leave. Because I love you." You would, simply and beautifully, say these words which no one has ever told me. We wouldn't kiss, just nod each other tight on the platform and press our faces together desperately, like they do in old movies. And I would know you really did love me. I have decided you would make me laugh a lot, and we would talk about books and ideas and movies, and you would look at me shyly but calmly from under your fringe. I envision our romance like movie frames, those shots they use to indicate the development of a relationship. We are walking through an autumnal park, or getting milkshakes in a colourful restaurant, or wandering hand in hand on a pier. I'm not here on this bus now. No mundane conversations take place between us in my mind, everything is important, ultimate. The moonlight makes blue shadows against the white bedroom wall and you look kind as you lean over me and we speak contented words softly in the evening air. I can feel your care wrapped around me and it is safe and it is warm and even now it is almost tangible. There are no such things as embarrassment or uncertainty. So it is settled, how we would be. Now all you have to do is notice me. All you have to do is let this happen, just as I will explain it to you, just as it should be.

What happens to the level of the liquid now? ... jon spencer blues explosion  
What have you made? the rolling stones sonata for loudspeaker - unwound  
You can improve it as a way of measuring the temperature.

Cut out a piece of paper like this. Make the paper as long as the part of the slit glass tube which is above the cork.

It occurs to me now that we do not want the same things, that our perspectives are focused increasingly far apart. That I maybe don't really matter that much to you any more. More than my ego is bruised when I realise you could get along without me far better than I could get along without you. I shouldn't put a pedestal under the things that are really precious, they are so much more easily swayed up there, they have further to fall. Not to be destroyed with a crash, but with a dull thud that maybe I won't even hear. I'll just discover the cracks sometime after. I recognise that bored look in your eyes because it is a mirror of my own. You might hurt me, but at least you don't bore me with politeness. Never boring. Although it is stupid and impossible I can't help wishing I had bottled the good times to release now. To make us laugh together again - the laughter of something funny, not the bitchy kind, which seems to be all we talk about sometimes. Closing ranks against others to paper our own cracks has begun to ring hollow. I'm not laughing now, not at you or me or anyone. I'm just hoping this down will end in an up.

this was written in 1995 on the subject of teenage, dedicated to justin cave, by chris former of huggy bear. it's out of date and kind of irrelevant nowadays, but i kept thinking back on it all...so here it is, it was originally in an old zine i did called drop babies.

"These anorexias of fact"  
"It's always like that, one never understands anything, then suddenly, one evening...you can end up dying of it." (Alphaville)

These youth, are instructions appropriate to enjoy maximum performance child. In a language you know, understanding fully longevity maybe? we got no time for question marks. Inherited from disciples of Shaolin temples with their know how guaranteed eastern peastern, wisdom an appropriate violence lesson grasshopper made to fit you to enable you. that which has a long payoff if ever is a empowering undertaking. all this oil means we gotta be sexy. oil is the accretion of overactive glands misdirected to sex which is our young misdirection. these youth are the numbers tumbling dice.

- 1) 'them' also once cast as giant ants and named in stark awe after the only word the little girl who first witnesses 'them' can bring herself to utter are 'them' hereby the perpetually new counter worldly phenomenon, to misunderstand with armed hostility first. to the army its apologists, administrators, we remain 'them' stubborn coloured moderns equals enemy that readily comprehended terminology equals.
- 2) 'teenagers' to enable you to purchase a limit of yourself, consequently estrangement from yourself at your most valid. (talk is cheap and we buy it at any price.)
- 3) teenagers also to be once portrayable as growing up not in accord with a blathering industry of dry ideals. we vote in our interest in concepts as 'wet': a delicious aromatic saturation befitting an underground slime. with moisture.
- 4) liquidity, fluid, interchangeability.
- 5) that sinks into the Thames the future as arranged and previewed by those we find most an abhorrence, the pimps, our fathers, licking our lips as they day dream us terminated for we art fruit bright and swell art.
- 6) 'them' = are in utter and completely driven love with the future.
- 7) these futures that conclude on the completion of your nineteenth year and begun on the commencement of your thirteenth is among what we refuse vehemently. we are running into time, not out of time. we are running expectation set on time that future reads as execution politeness might trick others of the gotta-be propulsive vision gained from awkward genesis and dominion of complexity that all is ditched in accord with their economic commercial strategies. as we are squeezed from the abortion; consolation? ha!
- 8) we will continue fun. had building from these destructions of cretinous obstacles. "Pleasure again" our g spot an aroused tissue from where 'them' began', an incredible journey of not naming ourselves to escape our evil step fathers and matrons who serve us rice and headbutts. of not naming ourselves in relation to corpse fuckers but obviously not in alignment. yet naming which is an essential secret vandalized by love hate axis, well we should.
- 9) we don't like wearing shit stained underpants even though it reduces our clients often to tears.
- 10) don't fool yourself that serum from space travel accelerations doesn't come at you like sacrificial wine.
- 11) we don't want to grow up so white.
- 12) we first heard this vulgar word 'finger fuck'; poetry moved our souls from sordid cabarets to places less benefitting cheap communications. we rob our bodies. have long legs enter and leave our mouths like the car park, for luxurious reasons we sleep over. we don't go out as a result of desire it's said to pubs and working man's shit holes where you can drink legally and have shag out your ears and play dirty cards in a stool covered in graffiti which you cannot read. look ugly as a principle. we hate you posh nob bistros too we don't be glad of long journeys with a mong for companion monocle or no.
- 13) finger fuck...cohh... as a phrase has more in common with a melody
- 14) women don't have testicles and everyone is



by then electricity, you are in possession of a pulse. against another future already apportioned.

World vision, with more equality, with a better understanding of the people and the people's needs.

What helps to keep them warm?



"Yes, it's all right to blame the men for exploiting women-or, I think the point is, the men didn't push the women literally or celebrate them.. But then, among the group of people we knew at the time, who were the writers of such power as Kerouac or Burroughs? Were there any? I don't think so. Were we responsible for the lack of outstanding genius in the women we knew? Did we put them down or repress them? I don't think so.." Allen Ginsberg (Shoulder Sunday Camera Magazine)

"Yes, it's all right to blame the men for exploiting women—or, I think the point is, the men didn't push the women literally or celebrate them... But then, among the group of people we knew at the time, who were the writers of such power as Kerouac or Burroughs? Were there any? I don't think so. Were we responsible for the lack of outstanding genius in the women we knew? Did we put them down or repress them? I don't think so."

+ Allen Ginsberg (Boulder Sunday Camera Magazine)

I am trying to reconcile being a woman with not being hung up about it. To find a balance between feminist ideals and acceptance of the world in which I am living. To find a perspective that is more mine than generically 'female'. I have been studying Beat writers at college: Kerouac, Cassidy, Ginsberg, Burroughs; and I was as awed by their work as ever. The sounds of it spoken aloud, the energy, the jazz that runs through the pages like blood through veins. I get caught up in a romantic vision of their existences, the freedom and the spontaneity. Then I was given a book called 'A Different Beat', an anthology of female Beat writers which my course, and conventional Beat histories, ignore. The powerful and moving autobiographical writings of Carolyn Cassady, Edie Kerouac-Parker, Joan Haverty Kerouac and Jan Kerouac forced me to consider the misogyny of the male Beats, their disregard for or temporary adulation of the women in their lives. The female absence in Ginsberg and Burroughs' work, the sheer machismo that serves as adrenalin in 'On The Road', Neal Cassidy's ramblings on the joys of "cunt" in 'The First Third'. When we

W. WREN

consider Beat writing we are considering the confessional, not the fictional. The authors I love, Kerouac in particular, suddenly seemed so exclusive to me, so dismissive, if not any less brilliant. The poetry of Fran Landesman and the prose of Joyce Johnson feel so real in comparison, like something relative to me, something tangible - not an American odyssey or a buddy movie which I, as a woman, have no place in. I feel a conflict between my instinctual gravitation towards women and my desire to disregard all gender distinctions. Genius is genius wherever it may be. But I can't. I can relate to men, love them, be friends with them, be attracted to them, but they are always 'other' - unable to totally relate to me in the same way I cannot completely understand what it is like to be from another country or race, no matter how much I might want to. Shared experience is a good, if not indispensable, basis for emotional exchange and social connection; and while I enjoy the adrenalin and sense of voyeurism I get from Kerouac's description of a male experience, I can better understand Sheri Martinelli's sense of frustration in 'Duties of a Lady Female' because I have felt them myself. The more

## HOW TO AS A MASTER GUIDE

## AS A MASTER GUIDE

**000000**

THE PRIMARY PURPOSE

TERMS TO YOUR OWN.

CHAPTER 11: ANALYSIS OF VARIATION

WILLIAM L. BURNETT

THE PATERN. TRY IT ON!

HAVE BEEN MADE AS S

—

LIN KIP THE MUSLIN A

## RESULT SA MASTER GL

## EXPERIMENTATION

## IMPLEMENTATION

SINCE VOGUE'S BASIC

### CHANCE TO EXPERIMENT:

2  
 3  
 4  
 5  
 6  
 7  
 8  
 9  
 10  
 11  
 12  
 13  
 14  
 15  
 16  
 17  
 18  
 19  
 20  
 21  
 22  
 23  
 24  
 25  
 26  
 27  
 28  
 29  
 30  
 31  
 32  
 33  
 34  
 35  
 36  
 37  
 38  
 39  
 40  
 41  
 42  
 43  
 44  
 45  
 46  
 47  
 48  
 49  
 50  
 51  
 52  
 53  
 54  
 55  
 56  
 57  
 58  
 59  
 60  
 61  
 62  
 63  
 64  
 65  
 66  
 67  
 68  
 69  
 70  
 71  
 72  
 73  
 74  
 75  
 76  
 77  
 78  
 79  
 80  
 81  
 82  
 83  
 84  
 85  
 86  
 87  
 88  
 89  
 90  
 91  
 92  
 93  
 94  
 95  
 96  
 97  
 98  
 99  
 100  
 101  
 102  
 103  
 104  
 105  
 106  
 107  
 108  
 109  
 110  
 111  
 112  
 113  
 114  
 115  
 116  
 117  
 118  
 119  
 120  
 121  
 122  
 123  
 124  
 125  
 126  
 127  
 128  
 129  
 130  
 131  
 132  
 133  
 134  
 135  
 136  
 137  
 138  
 139  
 140  
 141  
 142  
 143  
 144  
 145  
 146  
 147  
 148  
 149  
 150  
 151  
 152  
 153  
 154  
 155  
 156  
 157  
 158  
 159  
 160  
 161  
 162  
 163  
 164  
 165  
 166  
 167  
 168  
 169  
 170  
 171  
 172  
 173  
 174  
 175  
 176  
 177  
 178  
 179  
 180  
 181  
 182  
 183  
 184  
 185  
 186  
 187  
 188  
 189  
 190  
 191  
 192  
 193  
 194  
 195  
 196  
 197  
 198  
 199  
 200  
 201  
 202  
 203  
 204  
 205  
 206  
 207  
 208  
 209  
 210  
 211  
 212  
 213  
 214  
 215  
 216  
 217  
 218  
 219  
 220  
 221  
 222  
 223  
 224  
 225  
 226  
 227  
 228  
 229  
 230  
 231  
 232  
 233  
 234  
 235  
 236  
 237  
 238  
 239  
 240  
 241  
 242  
 243  
 244  
 245  
 246  
 247  
 248  
 249  
 250  
 251  
 252  
 253  
 254  
 255  
 256  
 257  
 258  
 259  
 260  
 261  
 262  
 263  
 264  
 265  
 266  
 267  
 268  
 269  
 270  
 271  
 272  
 273  
 274  
 275  
 276  
 277  
 278  
 279  
 280  
 281  
 282  
 283  
 284  
 285  
 286  
 287  
 288  
 289  
 290  
 291  
 292  
 293  
 294  
 295  
 296  
 297  
 298  
 299  
 300  
 301  
 302  
 303  
 304  
 305  
 306  
 307  
 308  
 309  
 310  
 311  
 312  
 313  
 314  
 315  
 316  
 317  
 318  
 319  
 320  
 321  
 322  
 323  
 324  
 325  
 326  
 327  
 328  
 329  
 330  
 331  
 332  
 333  
 334  
 335  
 336  
 337  
 338  
 339  
 340  
 341  
 342  
 343  
 344  
 345  
 346  
 347  
 348  
 349  
 350  
 351  
 352  
 353  
 354  
 355  
 356  
 357  
 358  
 359  
 360  
 361  
 362  
 363  
 364  
 365  
 366  
 367  
 368  
 369  
 370  
 371  
 372  
 373  
 374  
 375  
 376  
 377  
 378  
 379  
 380  
 381  
 382  
 383  
 384  
 385  
 386  
 387  
 388  
 389  
 390  
 391  
 392  
 393  
 394  
 395  
 396  
 397  
 398  
 399  
 400  
 401  
 402  
 403  
 404  
 405  
 406  
 407  
 408  
 409  
 410  
 411  
 412  
 413  
 414  
 415  
 416  
 417  
 418  
 419  
 420  
 421  
 422  
 423  
 424  
 425  
 426  
 427  
 428  
 429  
 430  
 431  
 432  
 433  
 434  
 435  
 436  
 437  
 438  
 439  
 440  
 441  
 442  
 443  
 444  
 445  
 446  
 447  
 448  
 449  
 450  
 451  
 452  
 453  
 454  
 455  
 456  
 457  
 458  
 459  
 460  
 461  
 462  
 463  
 464  
 465  
 466  
 467  
 468  
 469  
 470  
 471  
 472  
 473  
 474  
 475  
 476  
 477  
 478  
 479  
 480  
 481  
 482  
 483  
 484  
 485  
 486  
 487  
 488  
 489  
 490  
 491  
 492  
 493  
 494  
 495  
 496  
 497  
 498  
 499  
 500  
 501  
 502  
 503  
 504  
 505  
 506  
 507  
 508  
 509  
 510  
 511  
 512  
 513  
 514  
 515  
 516  
 517  
 518  
 519  
 520  
 521  
 522  
 523  
 524  
 525  
 526

DO THE MOST FOR YOU

FASHION WARDROBE!

[illegible]

0-1000

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

5

4-10

"Fatal reverse! Is truth then so variable? Is it one thing at twenty and another at forty? Is it at a burning heat in 1793 and below zero in 1814?...were we fools then, or are we dishonest now? Or was the impulse of the mind less likely to be true and sound when it arose through high thought at warm feeling, then afterwards when it was warped and debased by the example, the vices and follies of the world?" (William Hazlitt)

Picture Post 20 November 1954

# IS THIS THE END?



# ...SO WE TRY.

lying in bed listening to the wipers and things just seem so right and as if they are getting to this point, bright with expectation. maybe things will continue along plateau like until they seem just as common place as the last set of circumstances... maybe there'll be a drop and this is as good as it gets, or maybe this is some kind of sign that things are going to change and not be so uphill and detached. but when was the last time i had to get out of bed to write? when was the last time i had to write? i cant even remember. seduced by the immediate actuality. the right now shining like it signifies something that was maybe lost or forgotten or bypassed or dismissed. whatever. but the importance of the moment now clumsily captured.. awkwardness being so undismissable. ha. i wrote that one time at like 3 in the morning and i thought it was like prose of the century, but upon waking realized it was empty meaningless drivel. but you get to read it anyway. get with the program suckers. admit that you are the square and we are the rock. layla and helen and the new school of bread and butter togetherness but sticky like and also dry; combinations that kill your heart.



we stand up against stagnation and in the whole boring v boredom debate we stand on the side of boredom. like howard devoto once said; i'm stuck inside this uh movie but it doesn't move me. boring is the end, the apocalypse like state in which

you will meet your doom. boredom is power. boredom is the ultimate. instigate something poser. sucking fucking and saying no. i call myself up on my inability to spell, to originate, to converse eloquently, then i spit it all back in your face, after i seduced you of course. the theme of punk rock should be cute boys; how many more cute girls are there? cute boys please. boy crazy revolutionaries. fuck all gossiping! except that which i participate in. fuck all lies except that which i create. learn to dance, watch television, make out, and rock and roll will come natural. in your face! like a can of mace... to remark upon importance of repeating the same vocabulary over and over till it is your only manner of talking and then you can only talk to the same kids because everyone else finds you



illegible and inedible. i have to read dracula and the communist manifesto for school the day after tomorrow. but katie swings into town tomorrow and lara is cooking us vegan feast style. vampire pornography, and death by seduction teeth in neck, bubbling blood and metaphors about fucking sucking and saying no. these things of extreme importance. the first is that i was on the radio last night. i requested a song. it's all a scam though, i phoned up and said what i wanted to hear, then they phoned me back two hours later and told me what to say. i was on the radio; 24 hours of power post matt dillon movie. soon pete will be at my house with a thing he wrote about secret agents and post modernism. that's all about the new agenda of alienation, fuck being nice and explaining everything away. we are going to talk so much shit that you will need a fucking dictionary, grammar guide, and a good decoder. this is not about accommodating for all. this is about destruction, clear eyes, memory, murderous intent and the skull and

## repetition of the werewolves rhetoric

An aggressive woman is a "bitch" - burn the witch. A criminal is labelled "evil" - no human could have done that. A vocally unhappy woman is an "hysterical" - call the doctor. Handy phrases which disassociate us from them. The definition of monsters. Somehow genetically different and worse than you and me. A powerful woman is denied her sexuality. her employees say she is probably a lesbian, that she hates men and wants to control them. Unnatural. After the event his neighbour tells the reporter that he had evil eyes. that she always knew there was something wrong with that one. Affirming her normality. They are not like us. Hated bred by fear. Do we fear the actions of the monsters, or worse (so. so much worse) do we fear our capacity to be them? If the notion of evil is false and morality is actually relative then we all determine our own boundaries (too much responsibility). Scientists looking for an "evil" gene, to prove that the monsters really are different. really aren't like us at all. Lyncanthropists burned. Homosexuality made criminal. Bombing abortion clinics. The PMRC. Willful misinterpretation. we know what we want to believe. We need to believe it. And underneath our fear of being found to be "abnormal" lies the fascist concept of supremacy. The behaviour offensive: teaching the kids how to be kids. The freaks. the geeks. the jocks. the greasers - all learning that it is better to be defined and necessarily restricted than to be alone. What kind of monster are you? Fear = control. The safety of a place where real shows of emotion are embarrassing and uncomfortable. When she heard about the affair she smashed his windscreen (but then we always knew she was unstable. she an unattractive masculine show of anger). We only forgive the monsters who are repentant. The addicts who accept the blame lies solely with them. who do not try to slur the system. The traumatised victims who admit they shouldn't have opened the front door to a man they didn't recognise. The unrepentant, with their lack of conformity and their lack of shame, are daring to suggest that there is something undesirable about our normality. our society. What makes you think you are so special, that you don't have to conform to the rules? They are jealous because the monster has discovered the ultimate freedom. empowered because they have given up trying. Offering no excuses. And all the time we are repulsed, we are afraid, and we are fascinated. Being a vulture is somehow more acceptable than being a monster.

She takes on the most slavish tasks, affects the most shameful and degrading behaviour so as to force the disdain that is felt towards her, that she feels towards herself. And perhaps, at the bottom of the pit, she finds her purity again. She has been redeemed in all her purity within this absence of all representations of her that now obtains, in this void, empty even of repulsion, this nothingness of soul that she knows herself to be. And she has left the others behind, disconcerted, unable to follow her that far..

Luce Irigaray "Speculum of the Other Woman"



thank you - I, K. H and all the other monsters I know.

yes it is sadly true that i do heart luan.

Morning to late



# PROFILES OF THOSE FAMOUS COUTURIERS WHO CREATE DESIGNS

FOR VOGUE AND WHAT THEY MEAN TO YOU



**PIERRE POET (Bel-meh)**, one of the great designers in Paris... creator of sensuality feminine clothes with youthful elegance. Bel-meh's evening gowns are expressions of exquisite beauty.



**FEDERICO FORQUET (For-key)**, Italian designer, creates clothes with simple elegance, great dignity. The design evolves as he cuts the tools, works with fabric. To Forquet, the object of designing is to beautify.



**MICHEL COMA (Me-shall)** (Co-mah) Artistic director of the House of Patou, this great young designer was born in the south of France 30 years ago. He is now a favorite designer of many royal fashion leaders.



**JOHN CAVANAGH OF LONDON**, favorite designer for British nobility, designs in the purest Paris tradition, with emphasis on wearability, uncomplicated line... with an impeccable knowledge of cut, proportion.



**JULES FRANCOIS GRAHAMY (Cry)** of the House of Lanvin, daring, imaginative creator of elegant day clothes and dazzling evening fashions for elaborate functions. His trademark: the plunging decolletage.



**IRENE GALLITINE (Gal-lin)** is a Russian princess, a Roman beauty, a star of Italian course who fashions clothes with a young, insouciant air. Favorite look: raised front waistline.



**KATIE WEREWOLVES** famous for disorientated and compulsive rambling, first explorer to discover the new truths to the Hard Bop soundtrack.



**MICHAEL OF LONDON (Im-mo)** for stunning, impeccably tailored clothes with clean, uncluttered lines. He easily used bulky fabrics for men to give women a fragile, delicately feminine look.



**SIMONETTA (Se-mo-netta)** daughter of a Roman Duke and Italy's prodigious girl: to hour, courtier, she designs enchantingly young and ultra-feminine sports and cocktail clothes.



**JACQUES GRIFFIE (Zhabk)** worthy successor to the famous Modigliani. He unfailingly wears out meticulously detailed, masculinized cut clothes that his clients treasure for years.



**GUY LAROCHE (Gbre)** is a Parisian whose second favorite city is New York. He designs perennial youth into vivid, witty collections that are adored and worn by the dashiest smart set of Paris.

Cross bones that is our calling card. Kay and I want to know if those prostitute calling cards in phone boxes have a special clip art set, the pictures depicting the various services seem to have that style. She doesn't really care that much about it though, probably she doesn't think about it at all. Pete made me define pretentious the other day and I couldn't do it. I know what I mean and I subscribe to that intuitive definition so completely. Being pro pretention in art and music and drama, but on my own terms of course. I was going to go out today but everytime I do I just spend money on things that I want but don't need or don't want and don't need. Consumption becomes me, and sometimes that's just how it is but really most of the time it is something that I don't want to define. Me. I don't want to be a consumer. I want to be consumed. Bewitched and ditched. One thing that I have been thinking about is gullibility and how easy it is to convince and be convinced... in that I will be in school and totally know what's up and scream and fight and get backs up but then when I get home all my ideas are characterized by whatever thing I have just been reading. One thing that I read that I definitely



did not agree with was Vique's piece in the new heartattack about rape. She ended with this weird comment which indicated that because she was involved with the punk scene she was more exposed to the potential of rape/sexual abuse than if she was a suburban housewife. Oh hello? What planet are we living on here? Maybe her home life was delightful and free from abuse but... I can't remember exactly but what about the statistic that said a woman is more likely to know her attacker than for it to be a stranger in a back alley... every seven seconds a woman somewhere is abused by her spouse. Marital rape is legal in a lot of places, including Pakistan and even certain states in N. America. Rape is rape whatever the qualifications are. That was relatively fragmented and inconclusive, and I don't have the specific quote on hand to refer to, but it pissed me off. It's a privilege to consider domestic life a refuge against the insecurities of the external world, it's a privilege many women/girls/boys will never experience. Oh yeah, my name is Layla I am 20 years old. I go to school by the sea. I study only when seduced by books. I have not made out with anyone since I was 18. I like postal mix tapes. I will make you a mix tape. I live with my best friend Helen, a doberman called Kes and a two year old boy named Solomon and my landlady, Tigger is her nickname. I have never asked why she is called that. I write shitty letters. I only give things all my attention if they are the best, things I am not passionate about don't get done. My fanzine is 2 years old. The next one will probably come out in the autumn. I am bored and boring. Right



now i am into mocket and wife, helen is listening to mission of Burma and love as laughter. another thing i could talk some shit about since this is turning out to be the shit talk is the vegan revolution. i am not vegan. i own leather shoes, and my eating habits are so irregular that i am quite sure i would collapse if i was to turn vegan. veganism is all about responsibility, towards animals and environment but also towards yourself and your own eatin habits. you can't fuck around. responsible is something i am not. i try but i fuck up, and so no more lectures. i

"You had to be entertaining to throw block parties," said Flash. "It was always a rough crowd and there was never any security. If the crowd wasn't entertained, the situation could get very dangerous. I would go to the Hevalo sometimes to check Herc out, but Herc used to embarrass me quite a bit. He'd say 'Grandmaster Flash in the house,' over the mike, and then he'd cut off the highs and lows on his system and just play the mid-range. 'Flash,' he'd say. 'In order to be a qualified disc jockey, there is one thing you must have . . . highs.' Then Herc would crank up his highs and the high hat would be sizzling. And most of all, Flash, he'd say, 'you must have . . . bass.'"



try, and yeah the other day i ate some cochneal or whatever the fuck you spell that as, but it is a colour that is produced from beetles, and i ate it in a candy, and helen fuckin blew the roof. so i killed beetles, and thus i am not vegetarian. but fuck that. i try. and i fail. but my food is not my life, thus no vegan here. helen is pretty hardcore tho. so all the militant earth first vegan warrior types can write her. other exciting things, nick sent me the book by ian curtis' wife about him and joy division etc this morning. that is good. pete taped me old school no trend, on teen beat the cd will rock your world young wolves. darren came over with a letter from a creep and some free records, inc the new unwound

12" . . . all good and confusion reigns. another thing that i thought was funny is the number of times i comment on power, boredom, my own arrogance, snottiness, and naivety. in most cases it is over stated but it all is true. i am all that and more; judgemental, inconsistent, a poser, all about surfaceness + so on. neurosis motherfuckers. sit on it. listen to: no trend, slant 6, antioch arrow, sunshine new lp, fumpies, red c, cecil taylor, long hind legs, mocket, death in june, magazine.

# werewolves

#3



image,

theme,

re 40. Psycho.

#3 and story



figure 40. Psycho. In the famous shower sequence, Marion screams, the sound merging with high-pitched, bird-like shrieking on a sound track.

CLV



~~face~~ this was going to be a list of all my favourites in every grouping I could think of but I changed my mind as it's too difficult and it's my zine anyhow.... so here is ~~axis~~ stuff that I am into/love & been into and generally rocks in the right way.

klikitat ikatowi L.P = the best/bestest yeh especially for the emo breakout it's all so rapidly changin.....skating down the road (non-trick specific) listening to minor threat=yeh super fuckin old school cool.....kurt vomnegat mini books reading too much in ure way so to communicate you think you always ~~nk~~ need that pen and paper...too many words in my head they won't get going one at a time .....3D films like jaws floating arms and dismembered bodies in a cheesy blatant way so nothing repulses as it's too open anyway....

skating kenington circuits like round and round kick turn round no kids just our non-secret just unpopular place.....fright night tapes for grim parties and planning the total fear we nuts install smoke + paul auster.....de la soul as in I like them more than wu tang unfashion.....james lavelle in goofy rockout style.....

jason lee and his 80s skating and 'what skating means to me is like boards made in taiwan and skulls' and brains and blood.....'...

the pechees snotty punk (+ hopes of shows in the autumn).... getting stuck on songs like the make up when Ian Svenonius introduces the band....."the make up??? - "yes Ian." = best part of the whole album.....soft rock torments and eddie van templeton.....

end end end...X→

28/10/96

C60xxx

bjork - hyperballad  
 nathan mayer - jeep - real w/  
 antioch arrow - ant my day  
 vly/sses - a kid who tells an another kid  
 is a dead kid  
 circus lupus - unrequited  
 jens spinter - war  
 somwell - sideways locker  
 huggy bear - track 3  
 karp - dueling banjoes  
 make up have ya heard the tapes  
 bobblin' of pentrite + perfect watch  
 neozoo - blind  
 aethra travellin - ya are my superior  
 daniel j charles - separate men blue

ok. so i wrote this last year. and i still think it's valid, but it's all so jumbled and confused and i have no ideas as to how to disentangle it from that mess. if it makes any sense to you please write.

## and is elitism such a bad thing after all

so this is about two things, number one being cynicism and the snobby asshole disease, number two being the notion that nothing good or new has happened within a certain genre for way too long. these are so totally 'connected'. the most obvious connection to me is the fact that both ideas and themes are constantly played out in my head and conversation. in that i am finding it super difficult to not be jaded and or judgemental about circumstances within the punk rock community, finding it more and more difficult to find things to relate to within this subculture. and thus being a jerk about everything. i guess the realization earlier this autumn that we don't actually like or admire hardly any people (in punk), and most of the time it's not even a case of alienation, although that word does figure into it all...i would say it was a mixture of boredom and ridicule. and how fucking sad and lame is that? how arrogant and obnoxious and retarded.

i find notions of community, as in a punk rock community, totally interesting and inspiring and worth exploring. it's just that the kids that are there to explore with are so staid and stuck within certain ideas of what should be. it's not even like the aesthetics are interesting to me anymore. it seems as if kids are so submerged in ideas and concepts that actualities and realities are passing us by, because we are all so obsessed with an idea of the new, and how that is the most important and valid thing. (i guess due to the nature of the sound bite culture and how five minutes is all that we are allowed for an attention span or whatever...and maybe also a left over from enlightenment thought.) i argue that being so into detail (as opposed to the bigger picture) and deciding to either put weight on the significance of say politics or aesthetics and style... (but in a distinct either/or fashion)... is fatal and pointless. the two positions are seen as being disparate and unreconcilable, which seems to me to be destructive and unnatural. i mean in the sense that there are pronounced and opposing camps, the keep politics out of our music one, which i would say encompasses certain elements of a number of subcultures, all of these kids are say into style and aesthetic or just having a good time, which is totally not a bad thing and valid in itself....and then you get the kids who are of the opinion that punk justifies itself because of its question the bullshit nature, and the fact that politics is so integral in their aesthetics and thus when things aren't political then they view them as invalid.



(I say 'even' because I remember an article in *HeartAttack* by maybe Kent McCleard in which he argued that bikini kill's message although important was dumbed down by the fact that girls into them were so into a certain style of dress, and they weren't into any band that didn't have that aesthetic even if the message was of similar nature. I would counter that dumbness with the assertion that girls into bikini kill, or that got into punk via bikini kill maybe find 'hardcore' alienating. I totally got into it through huggy bear and the gravity axis as opposed to ebullition or whatever, and I found it difficult to be taken seriously, and just to be involved, because it's all such boy culture. and also the notion that hardcore is void of aesthetic is laughable. it is so defined by its style.)

it fits in with what i have been thinking about as to my part in this international community of punk rock, because the aforementioned are some of the reasons why i feel so down hearted (bored) about it all. when something that you are so totally inspired by becomes (or maybe it always, has been so...) pedestrian and seems to be content to repeat the same patterns, it is the total pits.

as I said this is not so much an idea of fun...right now I am not enjoying writhing this at all. I have been typing for strait days and never hitting the right buttons.

910

210 I like fake teen programmes (california dreams)





In order to put the whole thing in perspective .....  
what do you say,???????yahayyah its the holidays and all  
the freedom I felt june 19th which is honestly like no other  
re-in that this is truly the end of evrything and I don't  
have to come back here not ever and we crashed their good  
byeparties and stole the biscuits this = rock and roll  
dude not to get tied to a whole narrative aspect of summer  
holiday tale but in order to put the whole thing in  
perspective as in this is necessary of some clarification  
by definition of its being so long and in covering three  
months or more.....so the summer of 96 += ill-configured  
or ill-considered or in some cases just plain messy like  
the tidal wave of what have we been doing????? summer est-  
atez .....the nature of being inbetween and out of sorts and  
eating sweets and freaking out and al that kiddom stuff  
except this has all seeming to have fallen to disarray  
and I do not know where I am anymore (in the stages sense  
of feeling without definition and just so tv controlled)  
except at home and killing time.....the confusion of no  
definition or definitive reasoning or just anyone to twll  
me here and now- and ~~xx~~ there has been all the usual  
summer stuff like ice-cream and skating and haircuts etc  
but this year has felt so much not the same and so very  
disinterested or dissatisfying not inn the main players  
or their actions but as in a whole unit seeming to bewai-  
ting for somethingb that is gunna remove that whole grey  
~~xx~~ cloud from stockwell because it may be lame but sun  
inspired skating rocks to a different tune than that occu-  
rs under the threat of rain....

part of what i wanted to deal with in this thing was my reaction to it all. a reduction in enthusiasm to the point where everything is coloured by boredom and disillusionment. and yeah i have always been kind of snotty towards things that aren't just so. (who wouldn't rather expect too much

than accept too little?) but then at the same time i think i am way too cynical and mean in regards to this subject. i can justify it all maybe in that it's something i am involved with and that i care about so when it seems to be kind of running out of gas it means a little more...but then i don't even think i'm all that passionate about punk in this one way anymore; the idea still rules my world, but the actuality? whatever.

so is my inability to be lenient just a reflection on the fact that i am an asshole? blah blah blah 'all music all music is dead.' as some poser once said. i've just got to the point where i am no longer interested in tolerating things and kids that bore me, or not even that, but kids that fucking offend me with maybe a bullshit attitude, be it hidden 'isms' or even just apathy...and also so called 'political' boys, with their concrete unmoveable definitions of DIY. the way they define DIY in their own terms and do not see that maybe unless you are from a white male middle class culture your conceptions are going to be totally different. they define DIY only in terms of white boys doing it for themselves. putting the conditions they live in and are able to exist under onto everyone. assuming everyone is the same background and culture wise. ignoring the privileges involved.

so basically a lack of tolerance of ignorance and the seeming inability to move forward or whatever qualifications. elitist? sure. elitism as a reactionary stance to total disaffection and boredom. elitism as a response to cynicism. and i know this isn't a cool thing to admit, it's not right on and it veers towards an almost fascistic viewpoint. but i guess i don't even care right now... and maybe that's what is so depressing. i think a lot of the things that are alienating and restricting with hardcore involve fear. kids are afraid of estranging themselves from this community by questioning whatever or admitting that they find certain aspects of a thing to be something they aren't quite satisfied with or



don't quite identify with. because are kids really satisfied by countless heroin, nation of ulysses, slint or spirit of 88 sxe impersonators? because are kids really happy with jumping onto the first thing that seems as if it could be a bandwagon. ~~because are kids really happy with jumping onto the first thing that seems as if it could be a bandwagon.~~ possibilities that exist just to stay within this scene? and i don't know if it's possible to go out and want to do something 'new' and 'exciting' without it being somehow artificial or forced, or coming across that way. i think a lot of this has to do with not wanting to be uncool by veering away from accepted aesthetics, (of crust, sxe, emo or whatever.) uncoolness isn't really such a bad thing though. and i don't mean being a dork in this certain accepted way...



arrogant/ignorant/mean ~~and~~... i don't even know if i particularly care about all of this, i guess i just wanted to write about it all since i talk about it all so constantly and maybe writing would exorcize that demon. because it's a pretty boring thing to harp on about and that's also kind of depressing. that all of this that i genuinely think is the state of the punk scene doesn't even concern me that much. feel free to write me about all of this, i want to have some sort of dialogue about it all, so it isn't just empty words on a page and i have to back myself up... as ezra pound once said. i want a new civilization.

(for further info see: the wipers esp. 'so young' 'pushing the extreme' 'alien boy' 'frumpies/alien summer 7' and 'deliberate indifference', germ of youth fanzine, jigsaw #5, antioch arrow, parlez vous code fucker fanzine. selected moments of inspired boredom transpiring from the punk rock culture. all of the above reference points=from a different time period..adding to the aforementioned points on the romance of the past compared to the seeming lacklustre nature of the present....)

split for at least four months and this really did feel like the biggest disappointment in the world ~~for~~ for so many ~~xx~~ reasons because i remember each fabric show as being such an adventure and there was also the whole nature of our friendships being founded on a love for fabric....and so it seemed like the worse thing they could do to us at this time and i have to say i did not respect their decision in any way because of how selfish i felt like being in that this was a tragedy for me....and we went to that show anyhow and we stood in front of some kids who kept saying that they were glad fabric weren't playing and how the other band was going to be so much better which we knew to be such a lie because truly they were just so good as in fitting all with each other and just the most insane fun experience to be ~~and~~ had. even in this time all i felt was that maybe they would get back together as in all the individuals in ~~this~~ this band should sacrifice own lives etcetc and make a new record.....not to say in that grown up manner that you learn to deal with it or mature-accept it really isn't whatever disaster you felt it to be because all anyone ever seems to ~~want~~ want kids to aim for is perspective ( their perspective) that you haven't experienced everything yet and there,s worse coming round the corner or whatever that deal with it talk seems to be saying.....but in that in keeping with the norules of the junk nation you can switch and something new will either get there or be created.....so this is all to say in a round about way that whoever,s recognise-age is not important in their imposed separative kind of manner but in a whole nu ( as in catering only to those who refuse to recognise) way like simultaneously measuring and not measuring ~~and~~ and only coming to learn the true nature of their goofus traits as what = really important.....



# R. IR. R/W. TON

next year I will be nineteen and enough of this being my last kidsummer experience and in the same way I wasn't eighteen forever proved I guess the whole nineteen experience will last a year only and this is good in the manner that it is in keeping with the whole cyclical as opposed to cynical deal of punk and the anti-manufacture of a real junk nation ... and if to deny the x supp used ability of everyone to be measured in this constructed manner i.e. days and months and years will negate how you are about to feel as in presenting barriers and time air locks from this day you are an x adult etc etc... then I cannot claim to remain any age for longer than that time period they decided to allow. and why should I want to ?????? as in claiming this youthitie does not necessitate a figure to be put beside it in red marker pen for danger and the whole aspect of time running out for you in this scene... this is not to say it is how you feel that counts and the grossness of 'young at heart' etc etc because if you feel a kid in that recognition of what kid dom means in a sense other than being this certain x reality of age then this fact will not be emphasised in constant repetitions of grown old mass sayings ok ok ok... I do not want to claim myself as sixteen for ever or even a few years yet though I still feel it rad when I can pass for fifteen or younger as far as train journeys and ill-recognition is concerned... to claim such seems to deny me something that I depend upon in that this is so cyclical and ever changing because it wasn't the time nearly x two years ago now when huggy bear and fabric split up within months of each other would have been more of the worse time in the world xxx butn recognising that this is not all there ever is to be no that I thought this at the time because I remember helen coming into school the day we were xan going to see fabric play with some cheesy no real deal hardcore band and saying no they weren't going to be playing as in ever and huggy bear had already been

## general info.

back issues:  
chimps 1-interviews with ian svenonius and ian mackaye. piece on girls in skateboarding. jazz, boredom, move to a new town, blah. it's sold out.  
chimps 2-interviews with the VSS and Vique Simba, with 2 girls that write graffiti, wish fulfillment, romantic remembrance. send either 60p/\$2.  
chimps 3-interviews with the red monkey, month of birthdays, the promise ring, usual ramblings, ultra snotty. lots of contributions. £1/\$3.  
distros that carry this include:  
class/simon, 5 paterson terrace e. kilbride glasgow g750ba scotland uk  
heartbreaker/esther, po box 68568 360a bloor st w, toronto ontario m551x1 canada  
heroes for today/seth, po box 41593 tucson az 85717 usa  
words as weapons/andy, po box 4493 ann arbour MI 48106 usa  
basement children/po box 479081 chicago IL 60647 usa  
brisan/neville, gartnerstrasse 57 4057 basel switzerland  
write them for issues if more convenient...

i have the demos of these bands: karp, heavens to betsy, huggy bear, shif clikitat ikatowi. i will tape them if you want/are interested. i am also into trading mix tapes...

photos by Darren "boom mosh boogie"



the VSS

Swing Kids

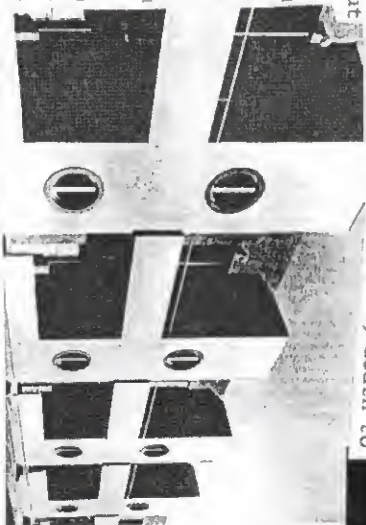
stuff i am looking for=circus lupus 1st 7" and picture disc, capn jazz 7"s, christie front drive 1st lp, the faith subject to change lp, wipers 1st lp and 7", wire-pink flag and chairs missing lps, pop group, middle class, no trend, one last wish tape, chainsaw tapes, simple machines tapes, i am also looking for these zines: germ of youth aka joe preston's legs, jigsaw, red rover, punk in my vitamins, kill the robot.

i am also looking for photographs of: huggy bear, bikini kill, fisticuffs bluff, excuse 17, antioch arrow, moeket, satisfact, clikitat ikatowi, metamatrics, slant 6, frumpies, capn jazz... if you have any we could work out a trade or something? write. layla po box 2804 brighton bn22au

was murdered soon after, but he still used the picture to promote his image as the Friend of Little Children. The party official in the



# this is a later even more confused response to the previous article



passionless and presumptive. culture is so prescriptive. culture is got no time for dwelling on the straight and narrow, on the immediate, accessible reality. yeah we all get bored but how come my boredom suffocates me? and stimulation is forced. but i had this notion that originality was unobtainable as espoused in the reactionary elitism as social activity article... basically the idea that newness is false and an unnatural progression. upon thinking about this however i am moving away from this idea; if all culture is organic and naturally evolving from a certain point etc, then what about revolution? which is a sudden break disruption style and is so not about natural order. my position was so very conservative. and what is intrinsically good about natural? that concept is so indefinable; the idea of naturalness is restrictive in that it is always defined by the dominant culture. (dub. if the so called man defines what is nature then surely it is gonna be backing up his fucked up schemes relating to the status of human beings in relation to each other. which justifies all constructed hierarchies and power structures...) death to that idea then. my whole life is about construction. identity, pastimes, explanations, justification for action and interactions. it's all premeditated and constructed, unless the idea of free will is rejected at this point... and right now i am wanting the construction of new kicks. things aren't happening that need to be, so we have decided to engineer our own damn situation. a new society of infidels baby... i'm joshing you. what i am referring to is the fact that so many of my friends are getting into being in bands and such... our aesthetics are all merging and clashing and so on, we helen and nick have formed this band called the try hearts, which is all about the construction of sound through concentration on rhythm and angularity. key, katie and esme are attempting to merge a beach boys simplicity with a spaceman 3 fuckedupedness... also esme and penny and hannah are taking cues from the raincoats and delta 5 style; d.i.y with or without knowhow. knowhow being an irrelevant concept compared to style and taste and finesse and passion. because to be quite honest with you who really cares what ex slint members are playing in what post rock masturbatory act? yeah i am all about the destruction of rock and roll... as far as i can tell it has pretty much out stayed its welcome, and is null and void and over used and has become part

23

42 48

like the thing with people i had crushes on...if they ever started to crush me back i would wonder why ~~are~~ you so desperate to be that into me???? poor porpoor kkk no confidence. yeh whatever. i really have plenty in every other aspect except that one and i don,t care enough right now to rectify that situation. it,s a deal like the whole 'dating' socieity-secret code. whatever takes time away from my friends seems a drag. a whole drag from making that effort to separate friendship from that otherness (am i imaginin there is a difference????) jeez like putting yourself on offer. ~~ix~~ just because of how i am and how i never want to let myse-f down dose not mean i cannot crush that dumb boy. yeh i recognise his dumbness but i also recognise theh fact that he is sooo pleasin to the eye. crushes are not apolitical because evreyone i crush is so perfect like you would not believe. they will be everything i imagine them to be times one thousand. i.e. the k and layla crush ethan fowler deal. he= downright perfection goofusness , does not+= considered dumbass kookiness okokok. i can be bothered to crush but not to take it further and actually find out.... why should i let him ~~speak~~ spoil the greatest thing he could ever be to me???? oh this all sounds so wack i,m just trying to explain how when i say my friends are more important i mean it and how that lack of confidence and such confusion don,t kill me everyday. ok???????



I prefer to watch sweet valley high than natty natty gritty drama... living in the real world like I would rather hang out with kids who annoyed me in their closed offedness than those who experienced everything and spat it out again taking bits best suited to some image of perfection. why????? I guess I like to feel superior... oh my god that's so disgusting that I should even care not because of any hippy ideal that everyone is deserving of my love but that I even take time to recognise this social hierarchical invention. does everyone have a story to tell????? sometimes I can't believe I ~~may~~ can't believe I think this but mostly their stories are the same. I don't believe in the evilness of people but I so much believe in their boredom. I wish I could walk down the street being into kids and wondering/asking whatsup like I could be interested but they actactact so obvious I can't believe anything I have to say would vaguely n on-interesting to them.....kids always disappoint (exception to the rule instead of the exception being those who lived up to my negativity). most people suck...not even making the distinction between men/women just I understand the suckyness of most women to be to do with more than just them and their wants I can't believe sometimes I could be such a bitch to assume that some people aren't worth talking to...I hope this is more to do with protection than superiority. I say that it is but sometimes they could be the least offensive person in the world andso much interested in me andwhat I have been doing and that is what most offends me like why are you so interested in what I, m doing?????

no in life of your own.

of the canon/part of the dominant culture. etc etc. but the post rock genre seems to me to be based on ex members and is so fucking ugly and unappealing. i dont want that to be post rock. post rock should be fucking apocalyptic, not dull, modest, self congratulatory and self important. pretension definitely isn't a bad thing, esp. in rock and roll. that's not what i'm talking about, because i know you could say that it ( here i am referring to so called post rock) is a form of pretension, the whole muso guitar genius thing. also the concept of the rock god etc, which while it is totally appealing, seductive etc, is ultimately lame as is pretty self explanatory... pretention is a good thing because not everything is going to be totally understandable from the out set, and understanding is a growth thing, a figuring out process. and if something is palatable straight away, it is often worth disregarding upon further consideration. because ideas are multi faceted, or multi-dimensional, and have 1000 years of philosophy, religion, sex, ideology, literature (and so on) behind them, and whilst i think benefit can come from disregarding history, there is also a lot to be gained. like you can really appreciate a book, or a film, or a record if you know about voltaire, joan of arc, the bible, mary wollestonecraft, plato, vigo, the romantic poets, chaucer...whatever. and i think when things become dogma, yeah they are and can be oppressive and restrictive, but ideas can also be liberating, and a lot of the times it's the later interpretation that is the dogma. so. all of this is not some puff piece with the only solid notion being that me and my friends musical exploits are the new science or anything... what i am intending to say is that passion and inquisitiveness in any form is going to provide some sort of relief, even if it leads to championing the mundane. i also wanted to counter the assertion in the previous piece (+elitism+) that new=fake. because sometimes you need fake just to fucking get out of bed. and i wasn't even thinking, when i wrote the piece that my begrudging attitude towards a forced newness seemed to indicate that tradition is king. which is crap. ~~this is all meaningless~~ but what about the idea that its no longer possible to have a subversive cultural form because our society has gone over into the realm of the spectacle... if that's the case and if it's no longer possible to draw the line between reality and representation, any subversion which takes the form of semiotics (signs) just ends up absorbed and recirculated out of its original context. since you can no longer emerge yourself in real then all subversion is over, whether cultural or political. words are all with cultural weight /significance and carry baggage...we can never speak outside of language of semiotics. blah blah blah blah blah.



agebutwebeanicanbeelyoubeathingdownmyneck→

this is about walking around town listening to archie shepi's fire music and this feeling of total insulation that is about winter and about not being able to give up an inch for fear of losing a mile... the constant dislocation of heart and mind from community and action and high spirits. so why is it every winter that things seem to glue up? thinking about how the way i treat kids is seeming to affect my self perception and my ideas of (their) motivation. in that the realization alienation could be self imposed and ultimately resulting from being mean; interaction with other kids coloured by presupposed ignorance on my part and the fact that they probably already think i am dumb/ugly/lame/pointless.

Jan 1998 helen top ten:remixed by 1pg  
1 detachment; listening, waiting in corridors, avoiding confrontations  
2 listening to the b side of that 45 over and over in the way 60s record players repeat spin.  
3 talking in opposites  
4 snoping in old markets, finding records, books, clothes, things to easily attach yourself to due to the nature of the consumer.  
5 the beach and pink + blue skies hanging over it  
6 fleet up and fidgety  
7 hanging out with kids, swept up in their action  
8 movies, the big screen, sitting back, dreamy as music, photography, words sweep over  
9 out of focus blurred snapshots of days hanging out or defined black and white posing like movie stars  
10 jamming with the try hearts, ballads or angularity.

darren's top ten  
1:the SMITHS all  
2:DEATHREAT 7"  
3:OFFICER DOWN split 7"  
4:RIGSBY zine 9  
5:JOY DIVISION all  
6:INSTIL split 1p  
7:tattoos  
8:ALLEN resurrection  
9:THIS HERO IS GONE all  
10:IRON MAIDEN nail varnish

pete rojas top ten  
1. georges bataille - french writer who was the black sheep of the surrealists. reversed and fucked up thinking on exchange, excess, abundance, eroticism and death.  
2. the audience - bay area hardcore kids do a record that i would tag goth if it weren't quite so baroque, sprawling, scary, echoes of Christian Death, Death in June, etc.  
3. the kinks  
4. radio 4 - they don't have radio like this in America.  
5. Jean Seberg - star of Breathless, true love on the big screen, murdered by the FBI for being involved by the Black Panthers.  
6. pere ubu - art punk destruction, late seventies ohio desecration-style.  
7. cinematreque - incredible cinema showing underground films.  
8. infinity food co-op - loads of organic produce and vegan treats.  
9. visiting boston over new year's.  
10. megan m.

25

the fact that yesterday there were these really rad skateboard kids who I totally wanted to speak to and I even served them but I am just some interchangeable person who didn't have the guts to say anything because they really weren't interested and besides we were all <sup>there</sup> to serve this shortlived purpose which they could walk out on and I had to keep repeating...and I felt so very disheartened and also just disgusted with myself in the fact that I had 'sold out' so much as to be working in this corporate dulllllll supermarket in the middle of a town I ~~hate~~ hate and the real fear being not only how easy it is to be swayed/sucked into this whole deal but also in the fact that you recognise it as so mundane and against whatever I may stand for in the same thought as labelling it completely necessary. this is not about how work sucks in a general sense because the validity of this statement seems to depend very much on a personal definition of work. I don't support that statement in as much that within skating I often have to work at whatever I am trying to do and sometimes this isn't the greatest fun in the world as in bombing hills or skating old seventies parks but still because I gave whatever activity the label work does not necessarily mean I found it a drag....as in work also= effort and is therefore not always just something I have come to recognise as a restriction on my time. which conclusion is forcing me to consider what alternatives I may or may not have and my entire disbelief in the myth that persistence would ever be enough or any ticket to my getting what I want what that is I don't know, I wish that I did not have to think of this in the same way that I hate hate HATE being told yeh you should just go and ~~make~~ make some money in the 'be sensible' option offering to my life when I ~~was~~ was going anywhere I just felt like complaining to noone in particular of the reality of how much my job sucks. this all seems to be moaning about nothing like no conclusion being made but this is something I have been thinking about recently in being forced into considering money and 'fitting in' issues in a ~~way~~ way I never have before.....

46



So this all sounds as if I am just impossible to live with and I guess I pretty much am not in the sense that I am totally offensive or self-centred but mainly because I hate to be concessionary in anyway at all because I think I know what that leads to...and the whole starting a new college deal and to what extent I am going to fit in seems to me to be all about how many concessions am willing to make with regards everything...how far do you take the fact that I will feel kin of lonely and/or alienated as two of my best friends are not going to be around in the same way they have been for so long and not that I so much want to make a new bunch I just don't want to make things so difficult for myself as they are around here right now in that everyone hates me and thinks that I am a freak which is not to be minded too much because they are not exactly my idea of a good time either but it is at the point that I will not go out by myself because I am scared by what they might do to me.....and ~~xxxxxxx~~ this situation is unpleasant and so restricting not that I really feel anyone at university is going to want to beat me but the whole ally deal in having someone there is so appealing in stopping myself from being too intimidated by threatnings. and in saying I never want to be concessionary am I restricting myself??? or just ignoring the inevitable and that 'one day' factor where that may be all I can do to ~~xxxx~~ survive???? as in yesterday when I was thinking about how it is that I pretty much have to work even if not in the 'career/ambition' sense of the word I still have to do something for the specific of making money as my parents cannot at all afford to support me even through university though the biggest drag I can see right now is inbetween all the money I have earned and the amount I am able to spend on records which is exactly none because that money is needed for other things and I so much resent my being forced into recognising this...so much so much.....and I am scared by how brainless and dehumanising the jobs on offer to me seem to be...like before I had never really specified to what extent and instead concentrated on anything that could take my mind off

oh and these dark circles under these eyes are signifiers of romance, maybe treachery and adventure...up all night style. do not cover them up. bad skin indicates a kind of devil may care attitude, pale and patchy, dry yet shining...young swinger style. ill fitting clothes, badly drawn make up, a clumsy walk, a studied inarticulatedness; this is the new seduction. you no longer need to pay and pay for the pleasure of looking like everyone else via the acne medication; the miracle cure for all your mishaps is rejected when the ideology of perfection is acknowledged for the lies and bullshit it truly is. your mispronunciation sets hearts on fire, your insecurities delight and your awkward manner is alluring. the ideal cleanliness, even handedness, smoothness, disappears when that abstract notion of ideal is replaced. dewy eyed innocence, perfectly formulated even toned skin, the ideal fashion magazine body shape now imply submission and acceptance. mistakes is the new cool; stepping off the treadmill, gazing into the sun, dismissing the staring eyes. refuse the notion that their idea of beauty is an obtainable goal, because all it really adds up to is years of struggle and wasted money. focus that energy towards acceptance of your flaws as potential flirting techniques, as ammunition against the so called man. who offers chocolate then lays on the guilt with miracle diet plans, with make up that helps you blend in and disappear. your nervousness when talking in front of large numbers, your inability to ride in elevators, (style is your pastime and your contribution to the revolution, where clothes signify so much more...) your heavy-handed attempts to reject the rock star myth, the romantic fear of death holds no weight with you... this is why you are attractive. (it's not enough to conquer one must learn to seduce...or whatever.)



layla and helen: the majesty of fucked up skin.



P \* O \* W \* E \* R \* C \* H \* i \* m \* a \* s \* t \* y \* l \* e .

end →

↑

44

so in less than six days time I move to my new home for nine months = prankherd house, 195 north  
~~gower street~~ and the things that are worrying me right now about this or just associated to are  
the obvious dissatisfactions with london in general and some feeling of being too closed in my  
choices of university but also to do with the fact that I have to share a room in my new college  
with someone I ahve never met before in my life.....and this raises the worries/anticipation of  
will they be someone I can get along with???? because I have been through 13 years of school alr  
ady coming out with one friend I made in that environment who was into things on the same level  
and in the same way that I am.....thsi so much sounds as if I am trying to create some picture o  
myself as the mysterious outsider who noone understood (poor kpoork) but anyhow it is a definite  
fact that with being thrown into a situation wj which is basically trying to force a friendship  
it ~~xi~~ is unlikely 'they' are gunna share my interests or me theirs for that matter and this is  
what is worrying me today....because I am typing this with a loud and ugly typewriter while list  
ning to unwind at the level I want to hear it and I have my own fucking space yknowyknow ~~nd~~ and  
as far as ~~thsi~~ this whole deal is a part of me I do not want it takeh away or even restricted by  
anyone.....so this questions the whole superiority complex I am afraid of developing in the snot  
assuming way....like if they ~~xi~~ do not understand how unwind are so capable of turning everythi  
ng around for me and the whole process of being involved am I gunna respect their ~~xxx~~ music 'tas  
tes' in the way I expect them to respect mine i.e. by allowing k me to play what I want when I  
want etcetc...???? if they ychyeu sorry she is into ~~xx~~ the whole clubbing scene or even just thi  
nks whatever to what is in the chart today I am not going to believe anything is as important to  
her as it is to me because of how uninvolving those 'scenes' are....so I either take the putupor  
shut up line I recognise to be blatantly unfair or maybe I have to relent/ become more flexible  
to a certain extent and this is something I totally resent being even expected/asked to do.....



there seems a paradox in our whole deal in that we want so much for  
 this whole place to change but then our first show is at a private  
 party (a private helo,ween party= renamed by miss white forever ok)  
 does the nature of this contradiction make the way we are so based  
 on lies??? is belief in the power of gangs/cliques elitism shaped  
 to so confine us? I recognise elitism as a good thing likenot being  
 there to explain to youyouy anything I feel. coded messages and  
 rushing whispers provide the entrance fee lie...if you didn,t under-  
 stand what are you here for??\_??? you would follow anything that  
 could pose as cool. zines as coded word play that you follow or lose  
 in the way the kids in the woods stopped eating those damn sweets as  
 they were rotting their teeth so die. quit it. ss lucifer += too  
 strong a mindset to break down to any point plan: a thing you either  
 appreciate or don,t and I will measure you up to my friends.

in keeping within a confined space/appreciative area are we closing  
 off s so called "constructive criticism" offerin to take us better  
 what we could do to improve ourselves for them ' if you were more  
 like this I could like you better' and if you were more like me I  
 would hate you more still for this assumption we all should welcome  
 criticism as long as it,s constructive....yr wealth of genius so  
 freely offered and it,s flung back in your face and jeez that  
 could make me sooo mad that we just won,t keep taking your advice.

saving no recognition to the shoebox drum kit side of the deal which  
 measures instant creatiin like a song we found at laylas and the  
 xian had the best sound...like another measure of elitism in that  
 things you search out are so much better than those you find when  
 it,s already and waiting....import records thrift store clothes dr-  
 amming house hold objects....a poem to what,s second best but so  
 ch greater.



hi more  
 Jan row  
 Re vero  
 it y've  
 for right  
 lat illes  
 tan kick  
 sta usin  
 tone  
 tat l sh  
 rer with  
 in ggy  
 kn doo  
 th nky  
 fla obes  
 so for  
 an rio  
 sh grea  
 bon  
 Re mon  
 ld yo  
 Mrs  
 tre  
 sw  
 cc rors  
 ar k his  
 de of g  
 vi but  
 w ook  
 p gest  
 tr -tha  
 tl e do  
 b fter  
 s ? Or



add to this how much us= a gang w/ true mentality  
insularity in so much that "we don't need you- yr  
ideas/clothes +nu styles"

what we need is such completion.

"i don't like people very much": nu friends. i  
don't presume to say that you are dumb but comin to  
life. nu space time contingencies changes factors  
which still create the credulous sum. environment  
people remain reciprocal: we always==I  
in this frame in this design are journeys/adventu-  
res...so many gangs under one roof  
riots an writings/runnings - did you notice me/did  
i notice you or just feel a presencas someone who  
fills that spare vacuum/ever changin alterations  
neutralise each other to the new semblance of  
blandity+++

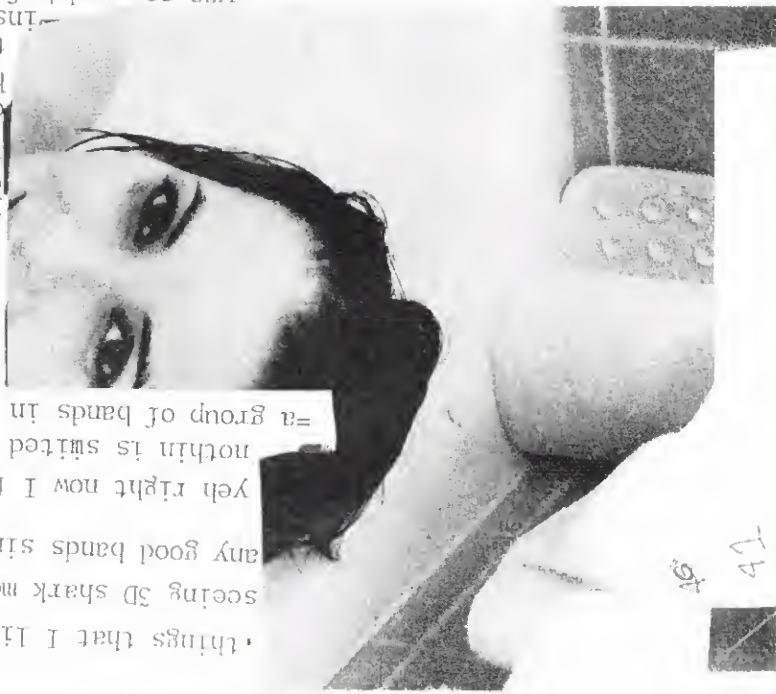
ted amidst the other records but the whole crowd just moaned and were 'what thefuck????' because  
they want the steady beat normality which gets boringboringboring. and it,s boring kids and  
boring dances and nu nikes (fakeness and the fashion cool) face cool sucker on cool like to be  
into hip hop you must dress the part. so many uniforms...baggy pants and hilfiger/polo like these  
designers are totally playing you kids. this aint what you whitemiddleclass so much think it is..  
no idea ~~ng~~ what you,re emulating. how it,s your fault your fault ~~you~~ yknow. and I don,t want to  
participate and let everyone know so quickly instantaneous like this is what i am into yeh  
wearin the clothes= living it for real...understand your position is not what you so much decided  
it to be. sometimes I feel that sickness of being at a supposedly hip hop club and looking around  
and it,s a white club all representing to their fullest''subordinating someone elses whole cultu-  
re in ~~our~~ our own ease. yeh and I don,t do anything like whatever am I supposed to do???? like  
giving that fake empathy of understanding when I don,t don,t don,t....I just feel that all these kkd  
making out they live the thug life like it was their only choice too man as presenting it as they  
new cool, and someones life or way of living cannot be made fashionable or something for these  
rich kids to start experimenting with like 'maybe I like the new me' because what happens when it  
s not so cool not the best thing this week. making something that is so fucked up and so unfair  
(it,s so unfair whitegirl moaning()) the thing to copy at being when it is racism that creates  
that situation and you,re white hoping to extend its ~~ing~~ longevity....

X does this rock for you?? →



things that I like ....like hangin out with good kids and  
seeing 3D shark movies....watchin my favourite band or at least  
any good bands since all myfavourites broke up over a year ago.

yeh right now I feel like I have to change the world because  
nothin is suited to me....I am so tired of the "London scene"  
=a group of bands in their copying state + no energy or action  
(girl action/love action) just standing and  
playing and thinking that's enough to be  
getting on with. I,m expectin too much from  
a band???? I don,t expect them to be ulysses  
not huggy bear I just want someone to excite  
me. too lazy to do it yourself????yehyehyeh  
but what are they in bands for if not to set  
the place on fire????careers and "getting by"  
or thinking pretendin to be Ian Svenonius  
because the make up played in april and they  
totally ruled still noone grasps that small  
-inspiration hitch that you cannot become what  
was so good before...does this scream of nativity that I am  
ot living in the real world where there are responsibilities and other things to be doing than  
sing in ~~the~~ love/hate with an outmoded concept. I want to have cola fed fun to come home and  
ave that omigod freak out. noone has soul....like how dance music is supposed to be so inspiring  
warding but too TIIO downright HIP. all the clubclubs fill with dumbass drinkers who dance in  
their bulshit 'represent chiswick' kind of bland but offensive way. I can,t blame a club for the  
people who go but their whole attitude is stolen of the instigators themselves. do these deejays  
ke music???? sound quality and reproduction value. you can,t expect anything of anyone.  
ke dusted and james lavelle played ac/dc-back ~~in~~ in black and that felt gooly good like unexpect



you can judge a book by its cover- like the boy in the bitch t-shirt  
who ~~tired~~ <sup>tried</sup> to talk to us: I dislike his whole deal knowin one dimen-  
sion, a dimension that serves to exert itself wholly against my

being. and he does not recognise the craziness of wearin a  
t-shirt that translates'all women are shit' then tryin to hit on  
us , on anyone. so he thinks we are rude or crazy cause we backed  
away, wanted to make him feel stupid, small: a total battle of any

complete power (he threatens us in his livinbreathin-walkin down  
the street discriminate because this t-shirt is not about that  
we are 'not as good' it is about hate with a boy shooting a girl.

that bitch. thatbitch.) or maybe he thought we had over simplified  
him like because he wears this t-shirt does not mean he hates wome  
n (all of them) and does simplification in every sense  $\frac{3}{4}$ += bad????  
when simplification is used for protection, for securing yourself  
from the environment he is so willing to impose? simplification

in another term: like recognising the obvious and ruling by it....  
I recognise the obvious in him but he does not recognise the obvious  
us in ~~him~~ me. I am a girl. the male/female difference is so instant  
t obvious but still needs to be respected. not in the sense that he  
may carve any kind of role that i should be playin (stereotypical

role: ignore the shirt and get on with playin him) but in the  
sense of social history and every pattern/definition that made  
whoever. not thinking that I would even care he so willingly disses  
my whole gender- reinforces majority thinking of sexist values, of  
a hierarchies. he makes this generalisation that women are worth  
less than men. how????? how can he come to this conclusion at

nineteen years old. this inspires total fear but never in ~~the~~ the  
sense that 'I want to change him/this- fucked up situation' in  
the sense that I want to leave right now right now. are positive  
generalisations better than those that serve to keep someone down?  
(from my wording you can tell nonnonnon) like the positive gener  
alisation "I think ~~girls~~ girls are more interestin than boys". 30



this is a generalised statement but I do not feel that this necessarily decrease its legitimacy. I find girls more interesting for so many reasons: like how much there is for girls to fall into, go against- not in an easy 'for the fun of it' way but as is total survival. I respect all skaters for their skill but not in the same way I respect a girl who can only just ollie. is this concessionary???? I don't think so. I don't want concessions made for me but recognition of the positions I have been put in trying to do what I would want...like 'chicks upfront' and that whole deal, being tuff when you're not meant to be cause it's ugly and it does not get you respect i.e. he does not like a girl who is gonna show him up to his friends/own

ego. two of my friends are girl graffiti writers, they go to a club which is all boys and the majority consensus is that they are there xx for one reason only. yeh despite the fact that they are better than most of the lameass boys....how much tuffness does it take to break into that male environment + how many boys realised even thought of that??? oh yeh say 'they aren't worth botherin about' and how easy is it to say say... because of most of the things we want to do the role models??? are all male...except One/two. so I join this activity with small thoughts of how good is this gonna be a nu gang...casse mostly I do not think about the fact they are boys...too much optimistic feeling that you are going to be excepted straight up right now for walking in the door sucker. "they aren't botherin about" translates their threatenin is worth ignorin and I hate <sup>worth</sup> HATE being forced into their thinking that I am makin far too big a deal out of this whole business, why don't I get on with my life and forget about all those other dicks???? oh yeh that is certainly not an upper class dumb conservative notion that everything is

32

use it to get what I want. am I just conformin to soccieties ideal that doing this would be dirty/seedy???this is something I am not comfortable with an I so much want to be in the way that I never feel myself to get any balance right in that being with whoever I am somehow letting go. can I keep thinkin that is their thought??? (fault like dumb crushes I can totally deal with in every sense of my way. I like the goofiness of my crushes- that I can see someone and decide them to be but never find out or try to. ~~like~~ I have an image like the boy at Mount Hawke who shard a skateboard with his friend+ they skated the mini so well but seemingly without the competitive seriousness that the others had with "focusing" their boards. dun whatever. they just said hi and started skating + his friend was tryin to land some crazy trick+ he had the goofiest laugh just so loud and complete I watched him with the corner of me eye but he never ~~xxx~~ caught me and I didn't want him to so I looked away and kept skating. then later his friend was yelling at him and sayin it's your turn but I lookce and he was staring at me and not listening. and he smiled like hi and I kind of grinned just looked away quickly. oh yeh recognise the purity in that situation. I want to get passed that which tell me sex is not necessarily dirty but so definitely concessionary. because that is bullshitlies just the thinking of majority soccety that I believed but did not like.

40



the way in which everything decayed/mutated made our feelings more astute than before...all I could see was cute girls cute girls who took a whole deal that I found so inspiring to tuffness to become sickly-cute cute...the way in which girl positive changed into protection and how we translated the deal to our whole lives others just saw the oppositions. girl positive boys became girl positive in that they would protect you from any dissing, sexist remarks...taking control, again. something that was supposed to be mine about me wanted to be about them about them and talking away their guilt for something non-particular. and the outfall on the rest of society like the upfront ease with our sexuality/sexiness. no no I don't mean that I am just tryin to explain that no one saw equality they just saw equal oppositions- like the way in which a woman could be powerful is by using her sexiness her outright male-sexiness (what she appears to ~~men~~ men) nothin else nothin else. you can get what you want if you use what you've so openly got. whatever. the whole of this society relies on oppositions male vs female good vs evil black vs white light vs dark and you must be one thing or the other and none of it fits with any clarity/unconfusion. and the whole fashion with androgyny seems only to want women looking like boys conform from all over again. translating the opposition of male vs female always gives power to one and to the other false control the power of dominance against what the power of this sexuality/sensuousness can make the dominant on do. an sexuality/sex can = power i guess in some way in some how like a powerful image a sexy woman in total control of all around but I can't get over that it seems to force me back to the difference widened i feel out of control for the use of my own image. that is not to say that I detest being thought of as sexy or whatever but I could not

Made a bargain on equal terms. "let them get on with it" yeh yeh yeh let them carry on with their threatenin and using other girls why should it be me that helps out??? fuck the whole idea of over-react n. there is no such thing. it only means don't try and challenge anything that is our status quo/that does not affect us...it affects you but no one else seems to be complainin. if someone threatens me I can't over react in shoutin them down. I never never never 'over react'.



= we feed ourselves in  
the pack =



its 10th august 7:15pm an i am sittin at southbank waitin for so much time to pass. there are so many kids there are so many boys skatin. i dont have my skateboard i have a messed up knee appointment an too many travel difficulties. this is a new thing, like the achievement of dedication cesire over fear. of the past 6 weeks i have been unable to walk for nearly 3 an i just want to skate again. because you just ignore it. because i forgot what its like to have that once a year fall where you feel so embarrassed an scared as you realise yr gonna hit the ground an this is gonna hurt. all the girls at my school have their fallin stories- the last time i fell 1..an they were drunk or walkin an there it was. my hands stingg my knees stinging shit. an i know what it feels like so well i dont notice at each time i fell i look back and mygod where did that bruise come from. my knee is swollen an full of fluid anntt so much anoyus no as each time i pop my knee just thinks no fuckin way an its so weak an dead as it takes a lifetime for it to move. i want to skate. i want to skate. jamie thomas jamie thomas jamie thomas jamie thomas the insanity of his skatin makes me want to write his name so many times. watchin heavy metal an beavin this total feelin of mygod- total disbelief adulation. he is genius. there are these kids an theyre skatin so fast an its the one inch movement an so much happens. i wanna do it. so much. i want to do everything. this kid is messin up to do a 50'50 on the rail an the total impossibility of that act strikes me with a feelin of yeh, do it, so much. like watchin vert an i cannot imagine achievin any kind of air from somethin i wont so hard at, because i wont drop in i have to pump. an you watch people drop in an its so easy an their balance so perfect but i did it myself 5 or 6 times it was just bam till i stopped with a bruised cheek, messed up ankle an knees an shakin all over. i am so pleased i did that. i am so pleased i did that. i had to skate for hours until my adrenalin had stopped runnin like i was goin crazy, like i was gonna die or somethin. just focusin on the pavement ahead made me stop flyin into my total loss of gravity-assurity. i want to be more sure because when you bail it sometimes hurts worse than just no landin. i had such determination on the vert an everyone was shoutin pushan just put everythin into it as we have dumo aims line reachin to this point an this an skatin to the copin. n

LAYER

RIGHT



it so much will. money feeds the kids product junk needs. junk nation cause junk is fallible irreplaceable. never needed. like magazine junk and today today...in three years time will i still want transworld\* a million keepin space in my junk room??? all the things i hope not. not longstandin. junk is a rejection of savings an planning and contingencies/considerations and bein here for the next daybecause i don,t know if i should get that/do this because i,ll be stuck and i might not,be so into it but junkjunkjunk we so much needed Van Halen -Jump and Rainbow- Since you been gone why????This is junk full of shapen memories, like old cameras with teh films still stayin inside. more secrets of plastic and san rio postcards. and what= this label junk????because so much junk =a compliment in rejection of the antique procedure. records =junk in a manipulative mannern as they are bought for the here and now. for the hearin that record which is gonna make you scream so much rock out with your friends- not bought as investments like the people who buyimportslimited so rare as they feel some idea "this could be worth something in th future" as that is so disgusting and if i knew someone was collecting my records in that way i,d fire their house or deliberately fuck up so they were worth nothin anyway. records are renewable/recyclical junk. maybe for a whileit wonx won,t be listened to so muchthen i decide i want too hear that right now"urgency of the right now hear burnin to get home cause its in your headbut not at it,s true level of immediate kicks procedure. the paradox of there bein an immediate kicks procedure inthat there cant be one but in records and tapes thereis siisisisi cause the pleasure/unrestraint is contained and yo have to lift up the needle and switch on etc= 3 second memorised procedure.....



I pushed an just wanted to go so much higher. an i spun out so completely my knee didnt know which way to go to keep with my body. i had so many instant panic thoughts that this is my summer gonean what can i do know as skatin= constant of summer an i have been consigned to watchin videos other kids an i want to feel it myself. i would rather skate than do anythin... any educational deal money producer. the reason everythin i plan takes so long to materialise. there is so much time to be lost just skatin.

the nu tune. aug {4 th. i just got back from a talk at the photographers gallery= andy holmes= dysfunctional. i liked it i liked it so much. it stopped me thinkin about the day ahead tomorrow an how scary this feels to as becuz this may sound totally wack or strange but ive never failed anything in my life before= no small part of my future or whatever has been decided on anything but me an my own desires -an money- i keep thinkin maybe i should not be writin this as all the answer= searchin remembrances inspire total fear on somethin i cant judge. more total insanity.

elissa steamer elissa steamer elissa steamer elissa steamer  
elissa steamer elissa steamer elissa steamer elissa steamer  
elissa steamer elissa steamer elissa steamer elissa steamer  
she rocks. she rocks so hard.



bell)\_- circle of junky.kid food good food. destruction

of the future= more important than the right now kicks aesthetic  
not controlled by the perfect squares an their ideas of health an  
sweetness an light light lite. diet food- no sugar hits- sugar grin  
y sweet. sustenance is for the right now- for the time in front  
of your eyes, for the sugar hitan sweetness taste an the secrecy of

what you tell. Lets find places for you to sleep=floor space to mattresses an all my dreams are kid controlled. like planes and

trains and skateboards an thinkin yehyehyeh is anyone  
wake cause Id like to hang out right now''' an watch tv with these  
soofus kids cause early morning on the outside once you get passed  
the big 9-10 is dull. commutin +startin of the 9-5 days in/out

that you start to feel that guilt of what am I doing with my life.  
YES i am watchin style trial so fuck you...OKOKOKI will not be  
forced into regular ~~xxx~~ mundaniety thru the guilt-resistance of 9-5e  
(small victories) skip the soaps cause thevastatetoo much

that square blandity /awareness an they all make me feel illwith  
their healthy summer sun glowof daytime talk and rwelation  
ship fun funfunfun and i keep thinkin you ~~don~~ don,t know the  
meanin of the wordF.U.N. cause how you live your lives an what  
expectancies you develop that make me feel omggod i would ~~don~~ die  
if i lived my life waitin for what yo so much think you want...

quiet nights= boredom cause there's always a riot going on (out-  
moded word with the wrong connotations yehyehyeh riot riot this=  
uncontrolled decay to rock. you cant put a date (best before) on  
a riot revolution kid feeling) nu music or zines or just dumb incred  
ulous ideas like "they ain't gonna happen" but whatever cause they  
bring us the goofus trait of laughin like you couldn't breathe talk  
but you so much want to add somethin because that idea of daytime  
TV is so close to this suburban perfection... (in mentionin suburb  
anity (real word OKOK) goofus kids work against such label suckerness  
of urbaneity-like capital redurement/dilution- all the best thrift  
stores stay in suburban zones an coffee shops (though I don't drink  
coffee but usually they sell the best real deal milkshakes=mayhem  
milkshake.) brownies an angel delight and pizzapizza. an toast  
remains the linear constant cause we know its n continuing but not  
until whereso our patterns don't stay cyclical cause if this is a  
circle we're travellin we don't know it yet--it's all too big to  
see in front of me on my next week/day an plans of creatin money  
from nowhere I can see. keep sellin my possessions to buy time  
with the goofus kids. we are the product nation cause I know that  
money don't buy you happiness gurl but that unbound record will



I don,t know thatI feel like writing this too much...I,m in a whole nu environment and totally sidestepped from everything that += me. holiday madness=too much time to think +create nu images of what happened /is happeningback in the civilization I know. everything seems removed/delayed like all occurs in a different time zone- alien time- and no constants like fruit crush and donuts. there is a new sensation.....

I spent two days at Mount hawke before its alien time crashed with mine and their time continues in their hands. I was the centre of attention and the s new novelty to make something of ignoring- and I don,t always feel like provin myself or fightin the whole world... sometimes I want to be st that kid- a singular group that merges all into one + fills x the vacuum/role left behind in the star wake. put yr eyes on him.....

Cornwall C60.....

beastie boys-fightforyrright  
black sabbath-paranoid  
autoclave-I'll take you down  
ulysses-shakedown  
irma thomas-inbetween tears  
aretha franklin-96 tears  
circus lupus-pop man  
funky 4+1- the joint  
clikitat ikatowi-dna timebond  
unwound-hexenze  
buggy bear-limit to surf  
cupid car club-child custody  
the crown hate ruin-tornado  
otis reading-fafafafa (sadsom  
fugazi-promises  
frumpies-fuck yr frumpies  
eechees-fine watch  
fabric-two pounds  
make up -transpleasant expre  
mikini kill-I hate danger  
michael jackson-off the wall  
rid-I know you got soul.....

nu kids.yeahyeahyeah. I dig on hangin out with nu kids.ta total expectancyan nu installations to everything runnin so smoothly. these are regular crushin kids- cheap an starlit watchin nuthin that they say, watchin so much of a goofus kid that theywalk crazy an talk like inspiration an fantasy-(fighti fantasy) all ready for us only. I dig on their nu stylesan stolen proposals an all the fear an craziness of wantin them to dig in me too....I so much l.o.v.e. the goofus kids. playin part of this whole deal. sharin photos as most preshious objects swoppin that for nu friendship. it,s involvin me too- evn when I couldn't be because of work or family things that make me stop in an miss out on the kidcoke energee they spring me a photo so I have been there too an take away their image-nonstagnant- an forever changin the nu photos arrive an pass thru....check me in our midnight juke hungry photo booth- they feed so much excitabi ity like chalk blow all swimmin irregular-indefinably definite becouse you can feel it but you don,t know how gettin you thru the ~~midnight~~ midnight m videos-keepin you skatin-laughin awake still. they stop me bein cynical (an they are so much non-innoceice) crash inad the cynical/cyclical neverforever changin "do you

remember how you felt xxxxxx years ago???" they stop me goin back to that place an time replayin cause I e recognise nu needs to keep up so hangin with the nu kids. like how I felt everythin was goin backwards yukyukyuk....don,t say stop now~~11111111~~  
just have their own presencan I ave to think yehyeh I need this for stren ht so I can keep hangin outan watchintheir recognitions grow. oh yeh so much these kids are the real fashion deal<sup>+</sup>

s style not knowin in the way the outfits seemin so un concernedbag ladyladylady bargain style gettin more than the uptwn fakers. money don,t buy style ladeeeez only yr talk an walk i will ever do that....kids kids all goofusin the best waybecouse they recognise hipness in all bein so mundaniety an skip right passed it. like a slip in a record or at the end when you hear ti them laughin- out of tune notin-goofus kids are open to those

who goof them right back..filterin they watch that measured hipness with disataste and assurity (always the nipsters are wantin to be down qith the goofus kids) no tellin no tellin no tellin. out of town parent gatherin an cokeacola chocolate an junk. yeh a real goodbye to the 5 squares~~next~~ meal daily regulation. don,t rise out till #12 each daybecause six hours sleep an the best of the nightfeelin keeps snackin= always the best way to be in thechocolate-juice-fries (but no more taco